

DRIVES
AND
PUTS BY

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WALTER
CAMP &
LILIAN
BROOKS



1st Ed 165

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Merry Xmas
from
Uncle James

1899 -

DRIVES AND PUTS



H.C.IRELAND.

"HER HEART WAS BEATING LIKE A SLEDGE-HAMMER."

(See page 38.)

Drives and Puts

A Book of Golf Stories

By
Walter Camp
and
Lilian Brooks



Boston
L. C. Page and Company
(Incorporated)
1899

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“MAKE OR BREAK”

DRIVES AND PUTS

I

“MAKE OR BREAK”

“**A**ND to think that I must leave all this simply to earn my daily bread. It’s wrong, anyway. ‘Daily bread’ should grow on trees everywhere, well shaped, and of engaging lightness, also baked to a tempting brown.”

Jack Sturgis stood on the porch of Mrs. Clark’s house, bag in hand, ready to drive to the station. His heart was rebelling at the thought of taking the city and its sultriness in exchange for that sharp, salty morning breeze, that was already stirring the leaves. Just then Patty Clark, his eighteen-year-old half-cousin, stepped out

of the door, looking so cool and tempting that Jack's temper rose still higher.

"I'll leave my clubs in your charge, Patty," he added, as he jumped into the cart, "and woe betide you if anything happens to them. They are the apple of my eye. What a little duffer you are! Seven whole days in the week with nothing to do, five feet six in your stocking feet, and an arm that should drive a ball to kingdom come. Instead of making use of your blessings you sit around from morning until night in useless fluffy things, embroidering centrepieces for the table."

"I do *not* wear fluffy things and I do *not* embroider centrepieces," said Patty, in sweeping, indignant denial.

"Well, if you don't you ought to," replied Jack, calmly. "Have some one meet me at the 5.09 on Friday, will you?"

"Oh, are you coming down?" asked Patty, in surprise.

Jack turned and looked at her.

"Coming down? Of course I'm coming down. Don't I always come?"

"I didn't hear mother ask you, so I thought — "

"You thought I might take the hint. Perhaps I'm not wanted," he commented, slowly. "I dare say you will have two or three men on your hands without counting me."

"Probably," answered Patty, coolly.

"Well," said Jack, with sudden exasperation, "I'm coming down, wanted or not wanted, this time, — afterwards, we'll see. Don't forget the 5.09, will you?"

Patty watched the runabout as it disappeared rapidly down the road. Her blue eyes still flashed wrathfully, and a diminutive frown marred the sweetness of her brow.

"Fluffy things!" she said, half under her breath, as she looked down at her trim shirt-waist and mannish little boots.

She turned, and, slowly entering the great square living-room, sat down meditatively with her elbow on her knee and her chin in the palm of her hand. Her absent gaze wandered over the sweep of lawn, the distant sea, the tempting, bright-

cushioned seats on the piazza outside, and finally rested upon Jack's caddy-bag, thrown carelessly down on the window-seat near the door. "I must put those clubs away, or some of the boys will borrow them," she thought, with a relenting smile, and, rising, started to carry the bag to her room.

"Nine," she counted, half aloud, "nine mysterious, deadly looking things just to send a poor little ball a few feet. That is as far as it usually goes," defiantly, "although Jack does think he can play. Centrepieces!" she added, her thoughts flashing back to the unpardonable insult. "I would just like to show his Mightiness that I am not the useless, fluffy creature he takes me for. He is really getting dreadfully spoiled. That's the worst of platonic friendships. They're only platonic when there is no one else. It's a fearful strain to keep more than two going at the same time." She started again to carry the clubs up-stairs, when a sudden thought struck her motionless, and a gleam of mischief danced in her eyes.

"I'll *do* it," she cried, and, glancing around to see that she was quite alone, she took two clubs from Jack's caddy-bag, a loftier and a driver. The remaining clubs she put in the coat closet, and, helping herself to some old balls she saw lying on a shelf, she caught up her hat, and started toward the beach. It was still very early, and the shades in the windows of the cottages around about were down. The devoted ones who had risen in order to "speed the parting guest" had not returned from the station, and Patty met no one. A brisk twenty minutes' walk brought her to a gleaming stretch of sand. On the left, great dunes rose high above her, and at her feet the surf broke gently with a sound like a caress.

"What a day!" she cried, and stretched her strong young arms high above her head as though to clasp and hold the whole enchanting earth. Then turning resolutely from the loveliness around, she picked up the driver and began preparations.

"I know one puts the ball on a little

mound as though it were a marble," she murmured to herself. "That mound is one of the few things in golf that really appeals to me. It does so remind me of Cincinnati." She finished an elaborate elevation about two inches from the ground and placed her ball. Grasping the club with both hands like a vise, and with every muscle rigid, she took a terrific swing. When it was over she looked down, and saw the ball still reposing peacefully on the tee.

"Well!" she exclaimed, "what is it there for? It should have gone miles. What on earth did I do to my back? I believe I've broken it." After a moment's pause, she made another violent attempt, and hit the ground six inches behind the ball. There it stood, calm and serene, while her wrist ached as though she had dislocated it. With flushed cheeks and flashing eyes she tried again.

"I'll hit it or die," she said aloud, swinging passionately. The ball shot off at right angles and disappeared in the shining water.

While Patty stood spellbound looking at the spot where it had so quickly vanished, she thought she heard the sound of a badly suppressed laugh, but, after the most careful scrutiny of the beach and dunes, she concluded it was her heated imagination. Preparing another elaborate elevation, Miss Clark proceeded to try again. This time her club cut cleanly under, and the ball sat on the demolished tee like Humpty Dumpty, looking as though it had had a great fall. Then Patty sat down on the sand and gazed at the driver in absolute despair.

"I've gone through all the motions and it's no use; it's absolutely *no* use," she cried aloud.

"'Tain't no use that way," said a voice behind her.

Patty started, then, turning in astonishment, confronted a tall, loose-jointed boy of about fourteen, all but shoeless, and practically bareheaded, as only a tattered brim of what had once been a hat covered his thick mat of tow-coloured sunburnt hair. A pair of bright brown eyes blinked

from under white eyelashes in a long, solemn-looking face, tanned to a rich mahogany. They surveyed each other in silence for a moment, then Patty exclaimed, indignantly :

“ So *you* laughed ? ”

“ Guess so,” replied the boy.

“ Where were you ? ”

“ Yonder,” with a jerk of his thumb toward the dunes.

“ Was it so very funny ? ” dubiously, after a slight pause.

“ Bet yer life,” replied the boy, a smile of appreciation spreading over his face.

“ Who are you, anyway ? ” asked Patty, with an attempt at haughtiness.

“ Sammy.”

“ Sammy what ? ”

“ Sammy’s ‘nough,” he answered, indifferently. “ Can’t call yer more’n one at a time.”

“ Well,” said Patty, slowly picking up her clubs, “ I am glad to have given you a half hour’s amusement. I am also glad that you can laugh. I feel as though I could never laugh again.”

"Want me to help yer?" volunteered the boy, as he saw her about to leave.

"You?"

Patty's tone conveyed volumes.

Sammy shambled up to her and took the driver out of her hand without a word. From one of his ragged pockets he produced an old battered ball, and proceeded to tee it. Then he stepped back, and, without further preliminaries, sent it flying down the beach, long, low, and straight as a die. Then he handed back the driver. Patty looked at him with wide astonished eyes.

"Goin' now?" he asked, indifferently.

"Not until you show me how you did it," she cried, eagerly.

"Guess I don't know 'nough," said Sammy, still on his dignity.

"You are a wonder, a perfect wonder, Sammy. Won't you help me? How was *I* to know how clever you were? Do you think I can *ever* learn?"

"Dunno," said Sammy, doubtfully, "perhaps yer can if I teach yer, only if I'm agoin' ter, yer got to do as I tell yer, 'cause yer don't know nuthin'."

"I'll do everything you say, if you'll only help me," said Patty, imploringly.

Sammy stood awkwardly digging his toes into the sand.

"Well," he said, at last, "in der fust place, yer don't want no Himmelayers."

"No what?"

"No mountings," said Sammy, endeavouring to be simple. "That thing yer put yer ball on wasn't no tee, it was a *bunker*, and yer had it sky high, too. 'Course yer club cut under it, and yer ball stayed where 'twas. Yer make a little feller like this un," stooping as he spoke, "and then yer ready fer business. See?"

"But, Sammy," said Miss Clark, almost tearfully, "the first stroke I took went clean *over* it. My tee might have been a 'mounting,' but I never touched it."

"Course yer didn't," said Sammy, scornfully.

"But why? There was force enough."

"Bet there was, it was a regular press from way back. Yer want ter go easy at fust, jest ter be sure and hit der ball. Here yer go," he said, drawing a line from

the ball to where he stood. "Put yer left foot just ahead of this and keep your hands low, and when yer swing back, soft and slow like, lift yer left foot from der ground a little and then swat it, but, by jiminy, keep yer eye on der ball, or yer a goner."

Miss Clark started in to take a tremendous backward swing, but Sammy stopped her peremptorily.

"'Tain't no use goin' at it like a steam-engine, why don't yer mind what I tell yer? Keep yer body steady and yer head down, and let her go."

Patty did as directed, although slightly skeptical, and to her astonishment the ball flew prettily away, not very far, to be sure, but quite far enough to be inspiring after her late efforts.

"Sammy, you darling, I shall always love you dearly!" she exclaimed, fervently.
"Oh, I am *so* happy."

"That wasn't much," said Sammy, with engaging frankness.

Patty made another swing and topped badly.

"Took yer eye off," commented Sammy, severely; "saw yer lift yer head *right up*; that was 'cause yer was so glad 'bout der odder one. Golfers ain't got no time ever to be glad. Yer pulled yer body back, too. Get furder away, an' keep yer head steady, that's der jigger," he added, as a beautiful ball sailed off down the beach.

"Sammy," said Patty, impressively, "I believe, I don't know, but I believe that I'm going to be able to play, and what is more I believe I want to play. Dear angel child, if you will meet me here every morning at eight o'clock, I'll give you untold gold."

The colour swept quickly into Sammy's brown cheeks.

"Don't want no gold," he said, proudly.

Patty looked aghast.

"Then you won't come?" she asked.

Sammy remained ominously silent.

"What do you want, Sammy, dear," said Patty, coaxingly. "I'll give you anything in the world. I'll tell you what we'll do. When I go to town again, you shall go with me, and I'll buy you what-

ever you would most like to have. Will that do?"

"Guess so," said Sammy, trying not to look too happy.

"Take yer club and drive some more," he said. "What yer want is ter foller t'rough. Go right over on yer left foot this way," and the club described a perfect sweep. Patty watched him admiringly. All his angles and joints and elbows seemed to disappear the moment he commenced to swing. "Yer can't only get it by swingin' and swingin'. Yer don't want no ball at fust, 'cause it frightens yer."

After another hour of instruction, Patty was ready to go home. The two started down the beach together, and for the first time that morning Miss Clark had time to be curious. Sammy lounged along beside her, apparently oblivious to everything and everybody.

"Where do you come from, you queer child?" she asked, at last.

"Ne' York."

"But how did you get here, and how

do you happen to know so much about golf?"

"Well, yer see ever since I was a little shaver I've been caddyin' fer one of dem big clubs near Ne' York, an' last winter dere was a feller just crazy mad 'bout it, an' he took me out one day in a blizzard, an' dey all said he was clean gone off, an' I got amonia, an' when he seed I couldn't get well nohow, he says : 'Sammy, me boy, I'll send yer down ter an ole lady fren' of mine in der country. She's a dear ole lady, an' she'll fix yer up like a king, an' yer can caddy at der club down dere, an' show dem fellers a t'ing or two.' So I came down, an' de old lady's a corker, yer bet yer."

"Is she very good to you, Sammy?"

"Better den anybody ever was *before*."

"Do you get goodies, Sammy?"

"My eye! Don't I, though? Chicking all yer can eat, an' ice-cream, an' fat bacon, an' — an' — everyt'ing."

"What is your friend's name?" asked Patty, with interest.

"His name is Mister Jack Sturgis,"

said Sammy, grandiloquently, "an' he was down here yesterday. I caddied fer him, and he went round in eighty-two. He is a winner, he is."

Patty's face flushed crimson.

"Sammy," she said, hastily, "I want you to promise me never to tell Mr. Sturgis *anything* about me. You see I know him very well, and I want to—to surprise him."

"I ain't goin' to tell nobody nuthin'," said Sammy, deeply offended. "Guess yer'd better promise not ter tell no one yerself."

Nevertheless, they parted firm friends, and every day that week saw them working together. Patty made marvellous strides. Not daring to appear on the links, she was not tempted to play round "just to see what she could do." Sammy kept her strictly in hand, and very rarely condescended to praise. On Friday morning Patty appeared with all of Jack's kit. Sammy recognised them at once.

"Yer got his clubs," he said, with a little frown.

"Yes," answered Patty, quickly. "He -- he lent them to me, Sammy."

Sammy pondered.

"Must be kinder stuck on yer, then," he said, at length, "'cause he don't lend his clubs to nobody."

"Well, I don't know," answered Patty, weakly.

Miss Clark was beginning to develop a very pretty form. She had a long, full swing with plenty of snap as the club met the ball, and a good follow through. They took each club faithfully and impartially, Sammy marking the respective distances, and sternly requiring the technical name of every stroke played. At last Patty threw down the putter, and stretched herself out on the sand. Sammy began fumbling in his pocket, finally producing something resembling an old oil rag, then he picked up Jack's caddy-bag, and seated himself beside Miss Clark.

"What are you going to do, Sammy?" she inquired, lazily.

"Shine 'em."

"For whom?"

"Fer him. Ain't he comin' down?"

"I believe so," Patty answered, slowly.
"Will they be very bright, Sammy?"

"Bet yer," he answered, handling them lovingly.

"Just think," she said, after a moment, "I can't have another lesson this week, and this is only Friday. Just one more drive, just *one*, Sammy."

She jumped up hastily, and the boy teed her ball. Placing her feet well apart, with the fingers of her right hand showing to the first knuckle, she took a slow back, and brought the club down with magnificent force. The ball shot away, on and on, into the dim distance, but with it went the head of Jack's driver.

Patty stood horror-struck, with the broken shaft in her hand, while Sammy ran to pick up the head.

"It's a gorner," he said, looking at it ruefully.

"Oh, Sammy, what *shall* we do, and he comes this afternoon. Is it absolutely hopeless?"

"Tain't good for a cent," turning the

broken head round and round in his hand.

"Was it a very good one?"

"'Bout as good as dey make 'em. It was a Burton."

Patty clapped her hands together and shook Sammy violently.

"Why, do you know, Burton is at Meadowville, and Meadowville is only a short distance from here. I'll go over by train and get him a new club, and if I am too late for the train, I'll go over on my wheel. Oh, Sammy, I think we are saved."

"I'll go wid yer," said Sammy, enthusiastically, "yer can't get it alone 'cause yer don't know nuthin' 'bout clubs. We'll get yer some fer yerself, if yer've got money 'nough," he added, doubtfully.

"Oh, I have *cords* of money," said Patty, and, gathering up the scattered clubs, she started up the beach on a run.

Late that afternoon a dainty figure rose from the depths of a piazza chair, and greeted Jack with languid sweetness.

Patty wore a white organdy, all fluffs and frills, a little train swept gracefully behind her, and her bronze slippers had the highest of high Louis Quinze heels. The evening light caught the masses of her hair, and heightened the colour in her brown cheeks. Jack came forward eagerly, then fell back into the usual careless friendliness, as he saw the group of men surrounding her. Just as he was about to pass, something white she had been holding dropped at his feet. He picked it up and smiled as he handed it to her.

"Still embroidering?" he asked, mockingly.

After a moment's hesitation, Patty followed him into the house.

"I want to see you for a moment, Jack. Won't you wait a second before you go to your room?"

"What is it," he asked, leaning over the banister.

"You know you left me your clubs to take care of," she began, nervously, "and some one, I've promised not to tell who, broke your driver. It was a very mean

and careless and unpardonable thing to do, and it was wrong of me to lend them," she went on, hurriedly, as he murmured something under his breath, "but my friend has given me another driver as nearly like yours as possible. It is here in your bag; won't you look at it?"

She could see that he was white with anger, although he did not say one word. His face flushed curiously as he looked at the name on the club, and tested its weight and balance.

Patty watched him with changing colour.

"It is a beautiful club," he said, at length, as he put it quietly back, "much better than my old one. It is a Burton special, but I should have preferred not to lose my own. You lent it?" he asked, looking at her.

"Yes."

"To whom?"

"To a friend of mine," she answered, defiantly.

He studied her face for a moment.

"You like this friend very much?" he asked, at length.

"Very much," she answered, steadily.

"I shall not forget," he said, "it is perhaps just as well that I should know first as last, only"—he paused a moment—"when I meet that man, I'll tell him what I think of him." The ending was sudden and evidently changed.

"Don't let me detain you," he interrupted, as he saw she was about to speak. "I have kept you too long already."

That evening Jack spent in smoking cigars and exchanging stories with Mr. Clark in the little den off the dining-room. Seeing that he would not be appeased, Patty flirted desperately. Too proud to make further overtures, and too obstinate to confess she had broken the driver herself, the "rift within the lute" widened, and Jack went away on Monday morning sad at heart, though not wholly realizing why he felt so like the famous wooden spoon with its lump of lead. The following week Miss Clark, with a sigh of relief, tore open a letter addressed in Jack's big sprawling hand.

"Dear Patty," she read, "I want to thank you for my very charming stay with you, and for the many delightful times you have given me this summer. You know I am not much at 'bread and butter' letters, but as I start for Colorado in a few days on a hunting trip with Bill Sanderson, I thought your dear mother might wonder why I did not appear like the proverbial bad penny.

"I wish you a very pleasant summer, and trust I may see you in the fall. I am,

"Very faithfully yours,

"JOHN STURGIS."

Patty tore the letter into bits, and watched them as they fluttered away.

"So be it," she said, at last, although her eyes were suspiciously bright, "but was the old driver worth it, I wonder?"

SAMMY

II

SAMMY

"IT'S time fer yer ter begin," said Sammy, dictatorially, as he put up Miss Clark's clubs one morning after four weeks' solid practice.

"Begin, but I have begun."

"No, yer ain't," he contradicted, "yer can only play strokes. Wait till yer get on der links wid a lot of odder fellers, an' yer'll see der difference."

"Do you mean—do you think that I am really fit to go out and play?" she asked.

"Well, yer see, I've taught yer 'bout all I can dis way," said Sammy, reflectively, "an' yer won't never get no furder if yer don't play ball. Tell yer what," he said, with a touch of excitement, "der's a weekly handicap at der Club ter-morrer afternoon.

Lemme enter yer, an' I'll caddy fer yer an' tell yer what's what. We'll get yer der limit handicap an' den watch der fedders fly." Sammy gave a whoop and turned a somersault to relieve his feelings.

"I wonder if I can do it," said Patty, nervously, yet with longing written in every line of her face.

"Yer *must*," said Sammy, "or else I won't teach yer no more. No, sir, yer got ter be a dead game sport, an' I'll stand by yer every time."

The following afternoon there was a sensation on the Club piazza when Patty appeared carrying her caddy-bag.

"A charming recruit," said dapper little Mr. Peterson, the chairman of the golf committee. "We have given you the — ah — limit, 27 — as we understand you are quite a novice. Hope you won't mind either way, Miss Clark, too much or — ah — too little, don't yer know."

The women all crowded around Miss Clark to encourage her, some very patronisingly.

"So glad you've joined us at last,

Patty," said young Mrs. Gerard, who thought herself a "crack." "You were altogether out of it, you know, and I felt *so* sorry."

"Patty always seems so much out of everything," remarked Miss Duane, ironically.

"Oh, in a ballroom Patty is unequalled," said Mrs. Gerard, condescendingly, "nevertheless I am glad to see her read the signs of the times, and cultivate her muscle."

"Isn't it jolly that you and I are paired together," said Miss Duane, linking her arm in Patty's. "I'm so fond of you that I'll forgive even bad play. It's our turn to start in a few minutes. Have you a caddy?"

"Yes, thanks," said Patty, flushing slightly. Then they walked toward the first tee.

Sammy came up to her and took her clubs with stolid indifference.

"Keep your eye on der ball, and don't get scared," he said, in a low tone, as he walked away.

"Which hand will you have?" asked Miss Duane.

"What's that for?" demanded Patty in surprise.

"For the honour, goosie. You *are* a little duffer. Come, which hand?"

"The right," said Patty, breathlessly.

"Left wins," answered Miss Duane, producing the ball. She made a beautiful drive and cleared the bunker.

Patty knelt down and teed her ball.

"Where is the hole?" she asked, looking down the course in a blind sort of way.

"Play in a direct line for that far post to the left; keep well up or you'll catch the roll of the hill."

Patty took her stance with an air of desperation. Her heart was beating like a sledge-hammer, and the ball seemed to whirl around madly. She forgot all her instructions, all her good resolutions, and clutching the club made a desperate, impossible lunge. The result was a bad top, and the ball trickled off about ten yards. The women standing around smiled at

each other, and dismissed her from their list of possibilities.

"Poor little Patty," said Mrs. Gerard, gently. "I am really very fond of her, but it will be a trial to play behind her, won't it?"

Sammy came up to his protégée and handed her a brassey. His face wore an expression of ineffable disgust.

"T'ought yer was a sport," he said, bitingly, "but yer only like all odder girls, so scared yer can't see nuthin'. Take yer brassey and put her over der bunker; yer can do it if yer want ter."

But Patty was fast in the clutches of "stage fright," and topping again she went in instead of over. It cost her three to get out, and when she finally counted up her score she had a round ten for the first hole. At the second tee, Miss Duane made another long drive, and Patty, getting more and more nervous, "foozled" badly.

Sammy lounged up to her and sauntered along by her side.

"Yer jest scared blue," he remarked,

resentfully, "an' 'tain't like yer. When yer playin' in a tourneyment yer want ter play each stroke fer hisself; yer don't want ter t'ink 'bout how yer doin'. 'Tain't no use ter pay 'tention ter yer partner when yer playin' fer score, 'cause yer ain't tryin' to beat one pusson, but der field. All yer want ter do is ter keep cool an' hit easy. Take yer brassey agen," he said, as they reached the ball. "Now fer it."

But Patty topped hopelessly and turned to Sammy with tears in her eyes. "You'd better give me up, Sammy. This is *agony*."

"No, 'tain't; it's rattles," said Sammy, positively. "Tell yer what, if yer mind can do any t'inkin' 'tall when yer come ter yer next brassey remember not ter look at der top of der ball, but at der under side of it, an' at der ground." He might as well have talked to the wind. Patty made "flub-dub" after "flub-dub," and did a seven to Miss Duane's four. As they walked to the third tee, Mrs. Gerard, who had hurriedly holed out, called to them.

"Do you mind if we pass you?" she said, walking up and teeing her ball, without waiting for a reply. "I have quite a good score so far, and waiting always breaks me up. Patty doesn't count, any way, and Miss Duane is so steady that nothing ever phases her, so of course it's all right."

Her tone was so absolutely self-satisfied that Miss Duane, amazed though she was, had to smile. Patty's eyes flashed, then suddenly, without rhyme or reason, she felt all nervousness leave her. With a glance at Sammy she stepped forward and placed her ball. The carry was about eighty-five yards over a marshy pond with some ugly-looking broken fence rails in the foreground. It was only about one hundred and twenty-five yards to the green, but the moral effect of this hazard was usually so strong that even the cracks dreaded it. Patty, however, in blissful ignorance of its terrors and reputation, took her stance and direction and put her ball on the green.

"My dear!" exclaimed Miss Duane,

looking at her in astonishment. "That was a beautiful ball," she added, "but you drove right on top of Mrs. Gerard when she was putting. She is perfectly furious. I can tell by her motions, and she thinks I did it. What a joke. It was my honour also," turning to Patty. "I suppose you had no idea it would go so far."

"The drive was intentional," said Patty, with a queer little smile, "but the other things I did were mistakes. I had no idea one had to wait so long for people."

"Until after the second shot, or on a short hole like this until those ahead of you have putted out," explained Miss Duane.

Sammy's eyes gleamed under his white eyelashes, as he handed Patty her club.

"Go it," he said, "go it, an' do 'em up, yer all right now, an' I'm backin' yer fer keeps."

From that time on Patty played better than she knew. Her drives were long and straight, and her brasseys steady. She lost badly on her approaches, and on the green made Sammy groan, but for such a nov-

ice her performance was remarkable, and Sammy spent some of his spare moments between tees turning somersaults; the rest of the time he devoted to coaching.

"Yer short approach is a little wrist one, I tell yer. Can't yer remember what I say? Not a full swing, ner even half a one, an' when yer put long puts, yer foller t'rough jest like yer do wid everyt'ing else. Yer can't make der ball go straight if yer don't."

Miss Duane watched Patty's game with growing astonishment. Good-natured as she was, she could not help feeling a little out and injured.

"You can't tell me you've never had a club in your hand before," she remarked, as they approached the seventh tee. "Your form is too good, and you go about it as though you knew what you were doing. You might as well own up, Patty Clark, and tell us how you did it."

"I didn't say I'd never held a club," replied Patty, evasively, "but I *did* say I had never been on any links before. It

is gospel truth, as my awful blunders must prove."

Mrs. Gerard had been spending quite a little of her time looking back. She was evidently not coming in very well, for the pair behind her saw divots fly, and signs of temper at long range.

"Mrs. Gerard has it in for some one," remarked Miss Duane, cheerfully, "you know it is never Mrs. Gerard who plays badly, but always some outside thing that happens."

"Is it accidental, too, when she does well?" asked Patty, with a laugh.

"No, it is the reward of virtue," replied her friend.

Although Miss Duane was beginning to realise that sometime Patty might prove dangerous, no one was prepared for the result when the scores were posted, and Patty's name, with her limit handicap, headed the list. After a dead silence, in which every one seemed trying to grasp the situation, a perfect Babel of voices rent the air, while Patty stood in the centre of the excited group, doubt, chagrin,

pleasure, and amusement crossing her face in rapid succession.

"I wouldn't have thought it of you, Patty Clark," said Mrs. Gerard, as soon as she could make herself heard. "I didn't think you had a mean bone in your body, but you have taken us all into camp, and by a trick, too. It's a shame," she continued, turning to Miss Duane, "that silver candlestick was just what I needed for my dressing-table."

Miss Duane looked up at the scores.

"I don't see what you have against poor Patty, for you are fifth and I am second."

"I have everything against her," cried Mrs. Gerard, "she kept playing on top of me all around the course. If she did it once she did it a dozen times, and I was so astonished and bothered by her game that I couldn't play a little bit. I never did like her, anyway," she said, as she walked away.

"You never said a truer thing," thought Miss Duane, looking after her, reflectively.

"Dear me, how you did jolly us, Miss Clark!" said little Mr. Peterson, nervously

rubbing his hands together. "If such a thing were to happen again, I should certainly have to leave town."

"It wasn't intentional," said Patty. "Do you know," she added, as she turned to Miss Duane, "I feel as though I had stolen something."

Half an hour later Patty started home with her candlestick under her arm, and a devoted admirer on either side. Hearing sounds of a great commotion near the caddy-house, they all went over to inquire the cause. Turning the corner, they saw a dancing ring of excited and whooping caddies, with Sammy in the centre, belabouring one poor unfortunate with all his might. Stretched out on the grass were the previous victims of Sammy's prowess in various stages of collapse, while Sammy himself, though still vigorous, looked decidedly the worse for wear.

"Yer will, will yer," he panted, between each blow. "Guess yer won't next time. I'll teach yer ter call names, yer ugly bruiser. Come on if yer ain't had 'nough. *I'm* ready!"

Young Osborne rushed in and literally tore Sammy away.

"What's got into you, you young raga-muffin," he cried, as he caught him by the collar and shook him as though he'd been a terrier.

"You lemme 'lone," said Sammy, kicking vigorously.

Patty went up to him and managed to catch his arm.

"Sammy," she said, in a horrified voice, "what does this mean?"

Sammy stopped struggling, and looked up at her out of two black and rapidly closing eyes.

"Dey called yer a sleeper, der dirty good-fer-nothin's, an' I licked 'em every one, an' I'll lick any odder feller dat likes ter try me, I will!" and Sammy squirmed like an eel under Osborne's restraining hand.

"A sleeper," said Patty, "what's that?"

"Never mind," interrupted her companion, releasing Sammy, and giving him a resounding clap on the shoulder. "You're a game little beggar, and here's to you,"

and a big shining "cartwheel" found its way into Sammy's astonished hand.

Patty looked at the stooping, ragged figure, and the bruised, defiant face, then she slipped one arm across his shoulders.

"I don't know what a sleeper is, Sammy," she said, gently, "but I do know that you fought for me, and I love you for it. Come with me now, and get your poor eyes attended to."

And amid the admiring and respectful silence of his vanquished enemies Sammy was led away in triumph.

The next morning but one Patty was handed a telegram just as she was starting for the beach.

"Have found the person who broke my driver. Am coming down to tell him what I think of him. JOHN."

THE GREAT PROFESSIONAL

III

THE GREAT PROFESSIONAL

HAMILTON, Richards, and I had lately become members of the New River Club, and were experiencing the settled respectable feeling that invariably envelops those who have just paid their dues and their pew rent. We had arranged to take a lesson together, knowing that we were all duffers, and believing that we could better face the phenomenal knowledge and skill of Todd, our Great Professional, in company. Each felt that to attack him singly would be little less than madness.

We had a few clubs, bought the previous year, with such small discrimination as we possessed, having in view the rough and rocky field near our summer cottage where we had laid out five holes, and where we had spent many an absorbed hour.

Golf, or the game faintly resembling it which we dignified by that name, was an entirely novel sight to the unenlightened natives. Consequently our flags (made of "turkey-red" and nailed to a bit of kindling wood) became trophies of inestimable value to the village children. As a result, we never could find the hole which we had cut the day previous, and when our scores had grown beyond what we considered decent, we usually cut another hole, and played out.

With all this weighing on our memories, and having become a little enlightened as to what golf really should be, we appeared at the caddy-house, looking, as I am sure we all felt, very small, and somewhat foolish.

The Great Professional greeted us with unexpected cordiality. He treated us very much as a famous medical specialist might have done. He was full of mystery, and yet he gave us subtly to understand that, if we put our confidence in him, we also might become great, of course in a limited degree. After holding two or three im-

portant conferences with the workmen while we waited, the Great Professional was ready to attend to us.

"Four caddies," he called to the captain, then glanced at the clubs which we carried in our hands. "It will be necessary for you to have caddy-bags, gentlemen," he said, politely, but firmly. "Shall I give you each one of these?"

We hastily assented, feeling how unpardonable it was to have appeared without them. Then we became the proud possessors of new pig-skin bags bristling with pockets, and shining with dazzling newness. The Great Professional then took down four boxes of new balls, and calling an extra caddy sent him out to join the others. Then he began to examine our clubs. A slow smile of pitying contempt spread over his face as he looked at them.

"Dear, dear," he murmured, "these are a very mongrel lot, a very mongrel lot. They look as though they had been made by a carpenter. Where did you get them?"

We diffidently explained that we chose

them ourselves, more with a view to economy than anything else, and had had no professional advice whatsoever.

"It will be quite impossible for me to give you any satisfactory instruction with these," he said, with a pained expression. "Now here," and he picked up a driver, "is a club that I can really recommend. You see it is superbly balanced. I will put two of these in each of your caddy-bags and let you keep the one that suits you best. Hitting a ball or two will not injure them, and you will be much better satisfied in the end."

We felt that we were being royally treated,—let in on the inside track in fact,—so after he had selected a great many clubs, almost a duplicate set for each of us, we started out for the practice tee. We made quite a little calvacade, our five caddies, our Great Professional, and our three selves. We could not help thinking how imposing we must appear to the golfers coming down the home green.

We were about to produce a few old balls, when the Great Professional took

two boxes of new ones from the caddy and threw them carelessly at our feet.

"It is always necessary to play with new balls," he announced, "old balls are very bad for the eye. It is impossible to get the proper focus. Golf is a game that requires the most perfect and delicate adjustment of everything,—clubs, balls, caddies, must all be just so."

The practice tee was off to the right of the course. A long, narrow strip of land had been cleared, leaving high grass waving in tawny picturesqueness on either side. One caddy he sent about a hundred yards away; the others, with our bags, grouped themselves around us, and looked on in stolid indifference.

We had decided that Hamilton should start first, he having, in our judgment, the freest style. We were in a frame of mind to magnify his remembered excellencies, and then, if he did something foolish, as we felt sure he would do, and as the Great Professional felt sure he would do, it would be less trying to be foolish after him.

Todd unbent himself sufficiently to make Hamilton's tee ; on it he placed a beautiful new ball, white, smooth, tempting.

"Take this club," he said, picking a driver out of his own bag. "It has a very short handle and is well laid back,—two great essentials for a beginner. After your style has developed, you will be ready for a straighter face and a longer shaft. Just take a trial swing without the ball, and let me see your form."

Hamilton placed himself in position, and, like all beginners, swung himself almost off his feet.

"Ah!" said Todd, "you have a good natural style, but everything to learn. I should advise a course of lessons every day for some little time before attempting to go on the course. In that way I can cure your present bad habits, and prevent your getting into worse. Just swing once again, will you?"

We all felt that the Great Professional was taking an unusual interest in Hamilton. We thought even better of our good

judgment in putting him forward, since it was confirmed by so eminent a golfer.

"Now try a drive," said Todd.

Hamilton, swinging with great force, took his eye off, drew back his body, and foundered the ball.

"Those things will happen," said Todd, with patronising generosity; "try again."

This time the ball went about eighty yards, but sliced badly into the long grass. One of the caddies started in a leisurely manner in the direction of its fall.

"I would suggest that for the present you keep your feet on the ground," said Todd. "Get well over on the left foot, bend your left knee a little, and keep your body steady. You are not yet ready for too much body motion. Later on you can work in the right shoulder."

Richards and I looked at each other in astonishment. We had never seen any form quite like the one Todd suggested, but still he must know. We got a little away from Todd and Hamilton, and tried it ourselves. It felt very queer and stiff;

but still we were duffers, and we had not come out there to criticise, but to learn.

Hamilton drove about twenty balls, and really progressed somewhat, although he sliced and pulled badly. The caddies brought back sixteen, and said they could not find the others. Hamilton made no comment, but looked somewhat ruefully at his mutilated Silvertowns.

It now being Richards's turn, the Great Professional threw out a dozen more new balls. Richards was short and extremely nervous, with a choppy little swing and a queer kind of push for a follow through. He gave one the impression of being afraid to let himself go. To his intense misery, Todd changed all this, and made him swing freely over his head, while the balls flew wildly to the right or to the left, but never by any chance in the proper direction. Richards grew whiter and whiter.

"It's no use," he said, at last, throwing down his clubs in disgust. "I can't tie myself into a bow-knot and expect to hit anything."

"You must not become discouraged," said the Great Professional, reassuringly. "I am changing your form for your ultimate good. If you were to continue to play in your present style you would never get one step further forward. If you will take a number of lessons, as I have just suggested to Mr. Hamilton, one right after the other, you will soon develop a good game."

Meanwhile the caddies had brought back Richards's balls, with five missing. It being now my turn, Todd started to shake out another dozen. In the meantime I had been doing a little thinking.

"Pardon me, Mr. Todd," I said, being still somewhat overawed, and a little uncertain how to address him, "I won't need the new dozen at present. I have some old balls here which I think may do, as we seem to lose so many."

"Oh, very well," said Todd, his ferret-like face hardening into an expression of dislike. "Try this new club, Mr. Wyllys. You will find it exactly suited to you, I think."

"No, thank you," I replied. "I am used to my own old driver, such as it is, and would rather play with it, if it's just the same to you."

"Oh, without doubt," he answered, and picking up one of my old balls as though it were a toad, he teed it for me in silence. He made a few perfunctory remarks about my feet and swing, with his eyes wandering restlessly to the caddy-house. Suddenly he excused himself, saying he saw a gentleman with whom he had an appointment. Taking out my watch, I looked at the time, and then proceeded to drive my old balls to my own edification, at least. Hamilton was going over his clubs with the joy of a child with a new toy, while Richards sat on the grass, and seemed to be meditating.

Todd came back in about twenty minutes, and apologised for keeping me waiting. After five minutes or so of careless instruction, he said our time was up. I stopped swinging in surprise.

"Why, you were away twenty minutes,

and I have had practically no lesson," I said, looking him in the eye.

He shifted uneasily, and said he was sorry, very sorry, but his absence had been unavoidable. A gentleman was waiting for him at that very moment.

"Then let him wait," I replied, thoroughly angry; "you stay here, and give me the amount of time which is my due, and which I do not doubt you will charge for. Then you may make whatever apologies you like—to the other man."

Hamilton looked at me in undisguised wonder, while Todd's face grew black. He stayed the twenty minutes, however, and I managed to get some instruction out of him, although it was like examining a refractory witness in a political investigation. When my time was finally over, we all walked back together.

"I think I won't have that new set of clubs, or that pig-skin caddy-bag," I said to Todd. "I am afraid they are just a little beyond me."

Todd said nothing, but bowed with all the inimitable insolence of an Englishman

of his class. He made several appointments with Richards and Hamilton, and saying he had not had time to have the checks made out, but would send them a bill, he left us.

Hamilton turned to me with an annoyed expression.

"What was the matter with you, Wyllys?" he said. "You had a regular grouch. The trouble with you is you're too careful, and too suspicious. You think all the world has a combination against you. Those old clubs of yours are of no earthly use, while these of mine are beauties, and selected especially for me, with Todd's best judgment. Golf is an expensive game, every one admits that, and it is especially so at the start. After you get your things together you'll be all right."

"I'm glad you're satisfied," I replied; "so far as I'm concerned, I'm satisfied also. I dare say I'm a crank, and all that, but I prefer to buy my clubs in my own way, as I go along. Then I know better what I want."

" You're foolish to lose Todd's advice," Hamilton insisted, earnestly.

We met Rollins, as we were going into the dressing-room.

" Whew!" he whistled, as he looked at Hamilton's bristling bag, " you *have* gone into it. Two one-piece drivers — I've never been able to afford one."

As Rollins was a millionaire, we looked at each other, and smiled.

" One must have two always," said Hamilton, looking wise. " If one should get broken, why, then you have the other on the spot."

" Humph!" said Rollins, " what were you doing to-day?" examining the contents of Hamilton's pockets.

" Taking a lesson."

" With new balls!" he exclaimed, with an incredulous smile.

" Look here," said Richards, suddenly, " just keep still, will you, Rollins? I see now that we've made precious fools of ourselves, and allowed a man to flatter and bamboozle us into getting about twice as much as we need, at undoubtedly about

three times the price we can afford, but that's no reason why you should stand there rubbing it in. Wyllys had a long head, and got out in time. I know now I've been an idiot, but Hamilton there doesn't see that he's been fooled yet. He's the kind of a man that never learns anything until he pays for it."

Three weeks later Hamilton walked up to me with a bill in his hand. He was so angry that he quite forgot I might not be altogether sympathetic. He gave me the paper without a word, and this is what I read :

Two special drivers	\$ 8.00
One brassey	2.50
One cleek	2.00
One loftier	2.00
One mashie	2.00
One mid-iron	2.00
One gun-metal putter . . .	1.50
Three dozen balls	10.25
Five lessons	5.00
<hr/>	
	\$35.25

I looked at him as I returned it, and tried not to smile. A gleam of dawning

recollection came into his face as he saw my expression.

"A man may fool me once, but he won't do it twice," he said, with some embarrassment, putting the bill in his pocket.

"I'm glad you have that consolation," I could not refrain from saying, as I sauntered away.

A MATTER OF HONOUR

IV

A MATTER OF HONOUR

THE Reverend Hugh Pierson sauntered up and down the crowded waiting-room and amused himself studying human nature. It was rather remarkable that he should have had sufficient energy to do so when "off duty," considering how much he came in contact with it, good and bad, in his daily ministrations. Being still young, he had not yet reached that intermediary stage when personal disappointments could make him bitter, or personal joys indifferent. He believed in himself, in his profession, and in the desirableness of thoroughly understanding the world and the dwellers therein. At the present moment he was looking forward with the keenest interest to his game of golf. Although very early in the season, the breath

of spring was in the air, and, notwithstanding the fact that it was still Lent, he had been unable to resist the thought of a long free afternoon in the country, suggested by one of his favourite parishioners. He kept looking at the clock impatiently, and wondering if the two men who were to complete the foursome would appear with his host. He had no very definite idea of plans ; he had been told to come, and he came, with the unquestioning joy of a schoolboy out on an unexpected holiday. Getting still more impatient, he walked to the door and looked up and down the street for a sign of his friend. As he stood there, two very pretty young women passed him, both dressed in the smartest golfing fashion. They glanced at him and passed on.

“Thank Heaven, they are not to be my fate,” he murmured to himself ; then, suddenly catching sight of Tom Arnold, he waved his cap delightedly.

“Here you are at last,” he said, heartily. “I was half afraid you would miss your train. Where are the others ?”

"The girls are probably waiting inside. I left them only a moment ago."

"Girls!" exclaimed the Reverend Hugh, stopping short.

"Yes, girls," repeated Arnold, stopping also, and looking at him in astonishment. "Anything wrong about that?"

"No, of course not," — quickly recovering himself, — "only I didn't understand it was to be a tea-party. I thought it was to be the real thing."

"You need not worry yourself about that, my dear fellow. These girls will give you as much of the real thing as you can stand, perhaps a little more. I was anxious to have you meet my wife," added Tom, with a touch of pride.

"Delighted," said the Reverend Hugh, hastily. Then, with his charming smile, "I understand she is altogether lovely; almost good enough for you, according to Jackie."

"By the way, where is Jackie?" asked Arnold, quickly.

"Gone West to join the Rough Riders." A shadow of pain crossed Tom's face.

"Is it so?" he remarked, thoughtfully.

Meanwhile the girls had been studying the Reverend Hugh attentively. "He is very good looking, but too fair for a man," said Mrs. Arnold, reflectively.

"Naturally, since Tom is dark," replied Lucy Middleton, with a little laugh. "He doesn't look one bit angelic without his robes," she added. "I wonder what are his real proportions of good and bad, anyway. It would be interesting to find out."

"Don't, Lou," said Helen, a little sadly. "let this one man escape. If you have no pity for him for his own sake, at least respect his cloth."

"You are very flattering," replied Lou, "but it is quite possible that he may escape without any self-sacrifice on my part. They don't all fall in love with me, you know."

"Nearly all," said Helen.

"Well, Tom didn't, anyway."

"Oh, Tom!" replied Helen, in an indescribable tone.

"I can't say that I ever tried to make him," continued Lucy, reflectively, "but

even if I had, I don't believe I should have succeeded. He sees through and through me. At least, so he thinks. I am quite sure he has told you that I am empty as air, 'sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.' Now hasn't he?" Mrs. Arnold coloured.

"Not that I care," said Lucy, airily. "He is only one misguided man among so many appreciative dears; besides, he fell in love with you, and that would redeem him in my eyes, even if he said I wasn't pretty. Here they come," she exclaimed. "He has rather nice eyes," studying Hugh. "Do you know, I really believe we are going to enjoy ourselves."

"How are we going to play?" asked Helen, as they seated themselves in the train.

"What a needless question," answered Lucy. "Just as though it would be possible to keep you and Tom apart. It would end in your having two partners and I none. Mr. Pierson and I will play you even, turning to Tom, "and beat you, too; the advantage is on our side because we are not in love with each other."

"No one knows what the day may bring forth," replied Hugh, gravely.

"That sounds Biblical," said Miss Middleton, with a startled air. "Isn't it?"

"I'm afraid it is," he answered, with a little flush, "but I promise never to do it again."

"Do you know that you are my spiritual pastor and master, and that I am one of your sheep?" she said, after a little pause, looking up at him with her glorious dark eyes.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed. "Why, yes, I believe you are, at least to the extent of my making a perfunctory call at your house once a year. I can't say that I've ever found you at home, nor do I see you very often in church, either."

"Can you see people in church?" she asked, interestedly.

"Oh, yes, after awhile, when one gets used to it."

"Where do I sit?"

"Somewhere in the back of the church in the middle aisle," he answered, indifferently.

"Yes, that is right," she said, with approval. Then she asked, suddenly:

"Do you dislike personalities?"

"It depends," he answered.

"Well, nice personalities."

"Like what, for example?"

"I was going to say that you have improved *so much* in your reading."

"Have I?" he exclaimed, with an indescribable mixture of amusement and offended vanity.

"I know that to say you have improved implies that there was room for improvement," she said, slowly, "but you never used to do yourself justice. A successful personality must be positive, not negative. No one meeting you socially would ever accuse you of being negative," she finished, with a smile.

"You seem to arrive quickly at conclusions," he commented, looking down at her rather mockingly.

"Oh, yes, and I'm always right," she said, positively.

"I congratulate you. Perhaps you will show me how to do it some day."

"Perhaps to-day," she said.

The train drew up at the station, and they all rose to pass out.

"She is altogether beautiful," said Hugh to himself, as he watched her, and a look of intense admiration flashed into his eyes. Helen caught the expression.

"He is weaker than he looks," she said to herself, with a little pang of disappointment. "He is only like all the rest. I wish Tom had never brought him, because if he interests her she will break his heart." In the dressing-room she made one more attempt to rescue her rector.

"My dear," said Lucy, coolly, "it is my private opinion that the reverend gentleman can take very good care of himself. I am not the first woman he has ever met. He must know us pretty thoroughly; besides, he is familiar with my reputation,—he was kind enough to tell me so. I have not had time to make up my mind about him, but when I do I'll let you know."

Helen gave a sigh and a little shrug.

"At least I have done what I could," she murmured to herself.

A few minutes later they were all standing out near the first tee.

"This is delicious!" exclaimed the Reverend Hugh, inhaling deep breaths of the fragrant air. "It makes me doubly glad that I'm alive. I wonder what kind of characters we would develop if after our elaborate education we settled down to a simple country life."

"I'm afraid we would become rather bovine," suggested Lucy.

"Or else very honest and simple and unpretending," added Tom.

"Then we *should* be stupid," cried Lucy. "Good people always are,—they stop and turn back just when things begin to get interesting; when one has been wicked, it is so comfortable to repent, and after one has repented, it is so delicious to be wicked again."

"You speak with feeling," said Hugh, cuttingly.

"Of course; I've no doubt you could also, if you would."

"We are all miserable sinners," said Tom, in a cheerful voice.

"All except me," laughed Lucy, audaciously. "I may be a sinner, but I'm never miserable. It doesn't pay, and then I've always done exactly as I like, and it has never bothered anybody!"

"Of course not," said Tom, with a faint tinge of sarcasm; "the queen can do no wrong."

"Let's play golf," suggested Helen, indulging in a magnificent trial swing.

A number of men had come out to see the start; and had gathered around the girls as they talked.

"Please run away and play," said Lucy to them all, with pretty authority; "this is not a social affair, it is to be a hard fought battle. I warn you, Mr. Pierson, that if through any mistake of yours we lose I shall never forgive you. There is one thing I will not do to-day. I will not play a losing game."

"Will not?" asked Tom.

"Will not," she answered, firmly.

"I must tell you that there is deadly

rivalry between these two," explained Tom, turning to Hugh. "They each have their name on the championship cup, and they play for it again very soon. It is impossible to say which will win ; it will simply be a question of nerve, I fancy. No one else has even a ghost of a chance."

Both men drove well away, and they were off. The day before had been showery, and the turf was soft and springy under their feet. Little white clouds drifted across the sun, bringing first light, then shadow, like changing thoughts across a woman's face. One could almost see the bursting of the swollen buds, and all the little streams hurried along busily. The girls in their red coats made a delicious bit of colour against the still, sombre monotone of awakening nature.

"It is my honour," said Helen, at the second tee ; and, stooping down, she started to tee her ball.

"Allow me," said the Reverend Hugh, springing forward.

"No, thank you," Helen answered, with

a little smile, "I always tee my own balls."

Hugh turned to Tom with a delighted look.

"The test of a true golfer," he said. "I see it is to be no tea-party, after all."

"Shall it be a ball a hole, brother?" suggested Arnold.

"Yes, if you like," answered Hugh.

It was soon evident that the match was to be a good one. Tom and Helen played along with a perfect understanding of each other's game delightful to see.

Miss Middleton was evidently in excellent form, and the Reverend Hugh, while at first a little stiff, soon got into his long St. Andrew's swing.

"He hasn't been an athlete all his life for nothing," said Arnold to Helen, watching him drive.

At the end of the first nine holes Tom and his wife were two up, and Hugh began to study the method of both girls with the greatest care. Helen played with the coolest kind of judgment, content when in

difficulty to play back into the course with the loss of one, rather than attempt impossibilities. Miss Middleton, while very brilliant, was evidently a victim to the long driving habit, and pressed constantly. She rarely played safe, but, relying on her really superior skill, took tremendous chances. She never thought of consulting her partner, but played her own game, while he, with growing irritation, watched her lose two or three important strokes through bad judgment.

At the eleventh hole, the men had driven. Tom put rather a short ball this side of the brook, while the Reverend Hugh cleared the hazard triumphantly, and appeared to have forced a very good lie. Upon coming up to it, however, he found the ball in a cup, and observed with horror that Miss Middleton took out her brassey.

"Do you think you had better attempt that club?" he finally ventured to ask.

"Oh, yes," she answered, confidently, "it is very much laid back, and made to pick up just such a ball." Taking a full

swing, she brought the club down too straight, topping badly, and burying the ball deep into the ground.

"I wonder how I ever came to do that," she exclaimed, with surprise. "I must have taken my eye off."

"Your eye had nothing to do with it. You used bad judgment, and I told you so," answered Hugh, decidedly.

Miss Middleton looked at him in undisguised astonishment.

"I think I understand my own game," she remarked, coldly.

"Possibly you do, but I understand it better," he retorted, quietly.

Miss Middleton's eyes flashed, but she remained silent.

On the green, she made a remarkably clever put, halving the hole, and Hugh relaxed a little.

"That was a beauty," he said, enthusiastically.

The contest grew more interesting, Hugh and Miss Middleton keeping Tom and his wife well in hand, although they still held their lead of two holes, and Tom

had developed a putting streak that would have discouraged Douglas himself.

"Dormie two," said Arnold to Hugh, as they crossed to the sixteenth tee.

"We'll make you play an extra hole," replied Hugh. "No match is won until it's won."

Lucy and her partner made the seventeenth hole in four, which was one better than bogie, and Lucy was jubilant.

"Who says we won't halve it," she said, tossing a ball high into the air, and catching it dexterously. It was Lucy's honour, and she made a beautiful drive from the home tee. Helen put a ball very near her, securing a perfect lie. Tom playing the odd, tried to do too much, and pressing, gained only a few feet.

Helen gave a little exclamation of despair.

"Steady, meh lady, we are not dead yet," said Tom, smiling down at her. Hugh, playing the like, made a beautiful brassey, but the ball stopped rolling just in front of a little hummock, giving Lucy a wretched lie. Helen playing the odd,

and a little off her nerve, foozled badly, and refused to be comforted.

Lucy looked at her ball doubtfully.

"How maddening!" she cried, studying the lie carefully.

"Please don't take that club," said Hugh, hastily, as she finally put her hand on her brassey.

"I certainly shall," she answered, wilfully.

"But it is a hanging lie, as well as almost bunkered. If you must get distance, take your mashie-iron and put it there," pointing to a level piece of turf just this side of the road.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," she retorted, deliberately.

Standing a little too far away, she toed the ball, and it flew directly at right angles, apparently landing in a clump of rhododendron bushes.

"There!" she cried, in a passion, and, turning to Hugh with flashing eyes, "this comes of your interference. I *wish* you would leave me alone. I can *not* play when I am coached every other minute!"

Hugh looked black, then, throwing his head back, he burst into a laugh, and turned to Miss Middleton with bright good humour.

"Perhaps I have bothered you," he admitted, frankly. "I won't again."

"It is rather late in the day to mend matters," she answered, still wrathful.

"Come, children, don't quarrel. You have only lost one stroke, and the ball is quite playable," called Tom from the other side of the course.

Tom playing the odd, put a ball just this side of the green, and Hugh, on the like, made a beautiful iron, and landed about six feet away from the hole.

Helen put dead, and Lucy, studying the green, decided to put for the hole. She caught the roll beautifully, and the ball dropped in.

"It was our only chance for the match," she said, half apologetically, to Hugh.

"I told you we'd do it," said Hugh, not noticing Tom's expression.

"Don't speak to me," cried Helen,

almost in tears. "We played that last hole like duffers."

"We certainly did," assented Tom, ruefully.

"I hope we won't do any more halving," said Helen, with a little sigh.

"My inherited honour, I think," said Hugh, stepping up on the tee.

"What a wretched ball," stopping suddenly; "perhaps you have a better one you might lend me, if you will, Miss Middleton."

"Mine is rather shabby, too," she answered, "but it is better than yours, I think."

"Eureka," he said, reading the name; "I don't know it."

"It's the only kind I ever play with," Lucy replied.

Hugh drove a long ball, but pulled badly, landing well out of the course, in the long grass. The caddie, whose little legs probably ached with much walking, began his search languidly.

"There goes our chance," said Hugh, mournfully.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Miss Middleton, "it's not so bad."

He gave her a grateful little glance.

Tom drove a beautifully straight ball, but drove into one of the ravines guarding the green. They were nasty little hazards, and Lucy's spirits rose.

"You see," she said, turning to Hugh, "fortune appears to be impartial."

Hugh's caddie was still searching, in a hopeless kind of a way, and when Lucy's caddie joined him the two seemed to accomplish even less.

"Those boys will never find it," exclaimed Hugh, "we had better look for it ourselves. We *can't* lose that ball now!"

In the meantime Helen had played and put the ball half-way up the bank. Tom, playing two more, put it on the far side of the green. "Let's go over and help them," he suggested.

They all searched diligently, but without success, and the precious five minutes were almost over.

"Here it is, oh, *joy!*!" cried Lucy, suddenly.

She looked flushed and delighted, and, bending down, pressed back the grass so that she could play the ball. The others all stopped in surprise.

"I had no idea it was so far in," said Tom. "Those caddies had about as much of an idea where it fell as the Angel Gabriel."

"I'm so glad you found it," said Helen. "I detest winning a match on a lost ball."

Lucy, taking her heavy mashie, played one off two, and put the ball in the course. Helen playing two more, was not up, and gave Tom what he called a "heart disease" put.

Hugh, who toward the end of the match had played as though inspired, made a beautiful approach, and the ball lay dead. Tom made a heroic try, but just rimmed the cup, and would not drop in, the match going to Hugh and Miss Middleton.

Hugh stooped and picked up their ball, then turning to Tom he held out his hand.

"I doubt if we deserved it, old man."

"I know you didn't," said Tom, with a

good-natured laugh. "Run along, girls, and order tea, we'll be with you in half a minute."

They all soon gathered around the table, which was placed outside on the glass-covered piazza. The sun was just setting, and the keen cold blue of the sky was broken by long lines of clouds in palest gold. The river looked like polished steel ; the dusk came silently.

"Oh, melting moment," said Hugh, contentedly seating himself, "tea, toasted muffins, and marmalade ; it sounds almost too good to be true."

"It's too good to last," laughed Helen.

"Isn't it nice to sit back and do nothing while Helen does the honours ?" remarked Lucy. "It's always the way with honours. The people who do them usually get all the responsibility and none of the fun."

"If you mean to imply that I'm not going to have any muffins, you are mistaken," remarked Helen, decidedly.

"I can't get over that match," said Tom, reflectively. "If you will pardon my saying so," turning to Lucy, "it was

absolutely the most bull-headed luck all the way through, for Helen and I out-played you right up to the eighteenth hole."

"And then we made gooses of ourselves," added Helen, mournfully.

"It was wonderful luck finding that ball of mine," said Hugh, taking it out of his pocket, "the grass was miles high. Why, where did I get this? it's an A-I-Black."

"It's your old ball, is it not?" asked Helen.

"No; I played with Silvertowns to-day, and I made the last drive with a Eureka. Don't you remember I borrowed Miss Middleton's ball, and when we holed out I picked ours up. I recollect doing so distinctly. I must have it here somewhere."

He went through all his pockets again, but without success. Suddenly he stopped as though struck by an unpleasant suspicion. Leaning forward in his chair, he looked into Lucy's eyes. She returned his gaze steadily but grew pale. Tom and

Helen glanced from one to the other in astonishment.

"Was that our ball you played?" he asked, in a low voice.

Lucy looked haughtily past him.

"I do not understand you, Mr. Pierson."

"You do not answer my question," persisted Hugh. "Was that our ball?"

"I refuse to answer," she replied, coolly; "you are insulting."

Hugh reached her side in one stride, and his hand closed over her arm in a grasp like a vise. He was deadly pale, and his eyes glowed dangerously.

"Was that our ball, or was it not?" he repeated, giving her a little shake.

"How *dare* you touch me!" cried Lucy, springing to her feet and struggling to free herself. "Let me go! You are insufferable!"

"Answer me!" he insisted, tightening his hold, and the blue eyes looked into the angry brown ones with a glance that cut like steel.

Lucy suddenly became quiet, and they both stood silent for a moment.

"It was not our ball," she said, at length, and speaking with difficulty. "I noticed it was not when I pressed the grass back."

Hugh suddenly released her, and leaned against one of the pillars of the piazza. He passed his hand once or twice across his eyes as though trying to understand what he had heard.

"You are making me appear dishonourable," cried Lucy, passionately.

"You are dishonourable," answered Hugh, sternly. "You would have accepted the match knowing the ball was not ours." He raised his eyes and looked at her. "You said this afternoon that you always did whatever you liked, and it made no difference to other people. It makes a very great difference to a great many people. Your wealth, your position, what are they in themselves? It is only the use you make of them, the use you make of yourself, that counts. The only thing you might have actually won for yourself, — character, — you have laughed at and scorned. Is it possible that you can really be so blind, so spoiled, that you

do not know a woman without a soul, without honour, is the saddest, the emptiest thing on all God's earth?"

He stopped abruptly and turned to Mrs. Arnold.

"Good afternoon," he said, bowing low over her hand. "I am so glad to have had this opportunity of meeting you. What time is it?" turning to Tom. "I think I can get the express."

As the men walked away, Helen went up to Lucy, and put her arm around her.

"Deart Heart, what possessed you?" she asked.

Lucy gave a little tearless sob.

"Send for the carriage," Helen said to a servant who passed.

They waited for Tom, and then drove home in silence.

That evening, after dinner, the three were gathered together in the library. The wood fire burned brightly, filling the room with a ruddy glow. Lucy sat in a great armchair, her pale, beautiful face and perfect figure standing out vividly against the crimson background. There

were heavy rings under her eyes, and the long dark lashes seemed too great a weight for the full white lids. She was pretending to read, and turned the pages of her book mechanically. At last she rose.

"I am very tired," she said; "perhaps you will excuse me if I go to my room."

"Certainly, dear," answered Helen.

Lucy walked toward the door, then turned suddenly.

"You asked me to tell you what I thought of your friend," she said, looking at Helen. "I *hate* him," and the heavy portières fell together behind her.

Tom gave a low whistle.

"Here endeth the first lesson," he said as his wife came toward him and seated herself on the arm of his chair.

"I'm afraid it is the very first lesson," she replied, sadly. "No one has ever spoken to Lucy in that way before."

"Hugh took it very hard," said Tom.

"Yes, I was a little surprised."

"Perhaps for his sake it is just as well it ended as it did. He might have wasted his life for her."

Tom reached up and took his wife's hand. He lightly kissed the wedding-ring on her finger.

"Dear little hand," he said, tenderly, "it was a happy day for me when it became mine. *We* are wasting our lives on each other," laughing a little.

"Yes," she answered, dreamily, looking into the fire, "and sometimes I cannot quite believe that we are actually married."

"And living happily ever after," he added, contentedly, and sent a great ring of smoke rolling out and floating away.

THE SECOND LESSON

V

THE SECOND LESSON

IN the rude little station at Montauk Point a girl was bending over the prostrate figure of a young soldier stretched out on the bare floor, his knapsack under his head for a pillow. His face was yellow, ghastly, with fever and privation. A comrade, scarcely less weak, was trying to put the best face on the matter.

"You see, lady, we wouldn't wait to get well in the hospital," he said, apologetically. "'Tain't their fault we're here. We're just crazy to get home. He's going out to Ohio, and I'm going almost there, so I'll be able to look after him."

"To Ohio!" Something in the girl's voice must have penetrated to the dim inner

consciousness of the sick man's brain, for he opened his eyes and looked into her face with a pathetic attempt at a smile.

"I'm not dead yet," he said, faintly. Tears rushed into her eyes, and, that the men might not see them, she bent her head and pretended to busy herself with his coverings.

"It is almost time for you to be getting on board," she said, glancing at her watch. "Do you think you could manage to walk a few steps if I helped you?" Without waiting for an answer she slipped her hand under his head, then, putting her arm around his shoulder, she raised him to a sitting position.

"He's too heavy for you, lady," said his comrade, struggling to his feet.

"Not with your help," she answered. "We can lift him quite easily, and you," turning to the sick man, "must put one arm over my shoulder, and the other around your friend, and do not be afraid to lean heavily on me."

In this wise, slowly, and with much difficulty, the three proceeded toward the

platform. People separated right and left as they approached. Reaching the door they confronted the Reverend Hugh Pier-
son, who was about to enter.

"Miss Middleton!" he exclaimed, fall-
ing back in his astonishment, then he
moved quickly toward her. "Allow me
to take your place,—this is too much for
you."

"No, we cannot change now; he is not
able," she answered, earnestly; "but you
can help me very much by getting me two
seats for these men. Turn them together
so that they can put their feet up," she
called after him.

Hugh sprang into the train. It was
crowded, but at the magic words, "Sick
soldiers," he was offered a dozen seats.
Then he rushed out to get the men some
beef tea, while Lucy with difficulty seated
them comfortably in their places. The
conductor shouted, "All aboard," but
Lucy delayed a moment to speak to some
people whom she knew, and the train was
already starting as she sprang to the plat-
form. She saw the Reverend Hugh wait-

ing for her, and the tall, athletic figure in gray tweeds, the strong, magnetic face, brought back with sudden vividness the circumstances of their first meeting. He saw the flash of recollection cross her face, saw her take upon herself the cold indifference of a woman of the world, and with an inward shrug prepared to face the inevitable. She started to pass him with a little bow.

“Pardon me,” he said, “but where are your friends, won’t you allow me to take you to them?”

“Thank you, but it will not be necessary.”

“I think it will be necessary,” he persisted, “unless they are here with you at the station?”

She coloured, and looked a little confused.

“They are not very far from here,” she answered, hurriedly. “I need not trouble you, really,” and, without giving him time to protest, she slipped past him and went into the waiting-room. Crossing it, she came out on the other side, and looked

around anxiously for one of the many stages which carried passengers to the camp. They were all crowded to suffocation, and, with a last despairing glance, she decided to walk.

Hugh watched her for a few moments, then deliberately started out to overtake her. When he had done so, and she recognised him, she turned pale with anger.

"Mr. Pierson," she said, stopping and standing ankle deep in the white dust, "I think you might have saved me this. I do not want you,—and I am doing my best to get away from you."

"I know it," he answered, "but even then I will not leave you until I see you safely with your friends."

"Then in all probability we shall have to spend the afternoon together, for I have lost my friends."

Hugh's face fell. "I am sorry," he said, with such evident pity for himself as well as for her that Lucy's anger reached the boiling point.

They walked on together in silence. The rough, hastily made road stretched

before them crowded with vehicles of all descriptions, from the picturesque army wagon, with its long train of mules and shouting darky driver, to the "scorcher" bent double on his wheel. Squads of soldiers, infantry, artillery, engineers, passed up and down incessantly; troopers strongly outlined against the sky rode slowly with their long trains of horses to water. Orderlies dashed here and there; the bugle, now near, now far, echoed and reechoed musically, while over all sifted the fine white dust and the August sunshine in widespread, generous impartiality. Thousands of little white tents were grouped here, there, and everywhere, looking like flocks of sea birds resting, and one could hear the distant booming of the surf,—ceaseless, impersonal, mysterious as eternity.

"Where are we bound?" Hugh asked at length, as they reached the summit of the plateau.

"*I* am going to the general hospital," Lucy answered. "I promised to write some letters for one or two of the men

who are getting better. Poor fellows! they have been ill weeks and weeks, and their people do not know whether they are alive or dead." She stopped with a little choking cough.

"Have you been here much?" he asked, gently.

"Almost every day. I have been going to the regulars,—the Eighth and Thirteenth. They have had nothing, literally nothing, and —" she stopped. "The surgeons will tell you all you may care to know. Here is the hospital. I really need not trouble you further."

Hugh bowed, and lifted the canvas flap of the door into one of the great wards. He watched her greet the nurses, and then move slowly from cot to cot. The men seemed to know her well, and she had a word and a smile for every one. Then Hugh turned, and went his way, finding plenty for his own willing hands, plenty to wring his heart, but, through it all, like a subtle undercurrent, ran his amazement at the unexpected development in the character of a girl whom he

had heard was altogether heartless and without sympathy.

The afternoon waxed and waned, visitors crowded into the stages, or wandered disconsolately down the road. At length Hugh glanced at his watch, and saw that if he was to catch the last train he must start almost immediately. As he hurried from the main hospital through one of the great annexes, he caught a glimpse of Lucy. He went up to her at once.

"It is time to go," he said, quietly. "If you will get your things together and wait for me at the door I will try and get seats in one of the stages."

She assented, and in a few moments was standing outside of the hospital tent. He was longer than she anticipated, and, leaning against one of the hitching-posts, she realised that she was dead tired, and actually glad to be in the hands of her enemy. After what seemed to her an eternity he appeared.

"I could not get seats anywhere," he called, impatiently, "but —"

"Must we walk back, then?" she inter-

rupted, trying to brace herself for a fresh effort.

"No, but I'm afraid you'll be very uncomfortable; I persuaded one of the mule teams to wait for us just down the road."

"For what place shall I buy your ticket?" Hugh asked, as he helped Miss Middleton down after their dusty ride.

"I have it, thanks," she answered.

"Where are you going?" he questioned, in a tone not to be gainsaid.

"To Beverly," she replied, too tired to fence further.

He looked up in amusement.

"Why, so am I. With whom are you staying?"

"With the Biglows."

He stared at her for a moment, then burst into a great boyish laugh.

"What is it?" she asked, flushing.

"It is too funny," he replied, recovering himself. "You will be so disgusted—I really hate to say it, but *I, too*, am going to the Biglows."

He made an effort to take the situation

seriously, especially when he saw how his announcement distressed her.

"They did not speak of it," she murmured, half to herself.

"No; I usually come and go unquestioned. It is almost my home. But I will do my very best to keep out of your way," he added, earnestly. "You know we need hardly see each other, certainly need never talk to each other, except to say good morning, or good night,—or shall I give up going there altogether?" A maddening little smile danced in his eyes, and tugged at the corners of his mouth.

"Certainly not," she answered, indignantly. "How can you imagine that your coming or going could possibly affect me! If you will be good enough to go your way, I shall go mine."

"As you wish," he retorted, evenly.

The next day they all amused themselves bathing and playing golf. The girls were deep in plans for an Invitation Tournament to be held at Longmere in about ten days.

"You have such a good chance for it, Lucy," said May, as they were seated on

the piazza after dinner. "Not one of those girls can touch you, as you are playing now."

"I'll do my best," said Lucy, with a laugh, "but if I have anything on my mind I am undone. Unless Mother Biglow will let me go over to Montauk and finish what I have begun, I *know* I shall not be able to hit a ball."

"Let her go, mother," said May. "She will never get lost again, and you know Hugh says he expects to be there half the time, and he can look after her."

"Delighted," said the Reverend Hugh, rising to the occasion, but boiling inwardly.

Lucy said nothing. She thought of giving up the idea of going altogether. A little later Hugh sauntered over to her.

"Is it to be a truce, then," he asked, "while the Montauk fever lasts?" She made no answer.

"I shall be very glad to take you if you will consent to do as I tell you," he continued, calmly. "But you must allow me to be the judge of where you are to be left

for the day. I shall have my own work to attend to, and cannot stay with you all the time. If this arrangement is agreeable we will take the early train to-morrow morning." He waited a moment. Receiving no reply, he went back to his comfortable lounging-chair.

The next morning, much to his surprise, Lucy appeared at early breakfast. He greeted her with a little look of mingled respect and amusement.

"Well," he said, teasingly, "are we to talk or not to talk?"

"I think," she answered, sipping her coffee, "that you will just about have time to read your morning paper."

"But the paper doesn't arrive so early," he protested, in comic dismay.

"Then you may look out of the window."

In this way the ill-assorted couple proceeded almost daily to Montauk, he taking her at her word, always buried in a book; she, although obeyed to the letter, wishing with feminine inconsistency that the book could be sent to Jericho. In what

appeared to her a marvellous manner, he almost always divined where she wished to spend her day, but, after taking her there, he dropped her with the ease and celerity with which he would have dropped an inanimate bundle. What most surprised him was the fact that she always obeyed him, and he used to come upon her pretty tired figure watching patiently in the exact spot which he had sternly indicated in the morning. But once home, her docility vanished, and she showed her dislike and antagonism in a thousand subtle little ways that were the amusement and despair of the Biglow household.

Lucy's devotion to "Her Soldiers" lasted almost a week, then pride revolted and Montauk saw her no more.

II

The day after Lucy's desertion the girls went over to Longmere to study the course. The tournament promised to bring together all the best players,

and every one felt the need of practice. Miss Middleton went into it with great enthusiasm.

"Our Lucy is herself again!" said May to her father, with a mischievous smile. "I must confess that I understand her better when she is driving golf balls than when she is nursing sick soldiers and accepting snubs from a parson."

There were thirty entries for the qualifying round, the first eight to play off for championship, the second eight to play in a consolation. The golf committee had decided that the entire eighteen holes were too long and difficult for three days' consecutive play, so twelve holes were selected, twenty-four to qualify, and twenty-four in the finals, the intermediate matches to be twelve holes only.

Lucy was playing in her best form and finished in the first flight, while May qualified for the consolation.

The drawings after the preliminary rounds promised good matches, and every one was in a high state of excitement. On the second day Mr. Biglow brought

the Reverend Hugh over to see the course.

"We should be able to get in a round after those tiresome girls have started; they are the greatest nuisance on earth," he grumbled, trying to look as though he meant it.

Both May and Lucy won their matches on the second morning, but after luncheon May fell by the wayside. Lucy, however, was again victorious, although the rain had come down in sheets and surprises were the order of the day. She was surrounded by crowds offering suggestions and congratulations. She was a social as well as golfing success, but made few friends and many enemies. She went her way lightly, almost insolently, winning whom she chose, and passing over the rest with careless indifference.

"The woman you are going to play with to-morrow is a cat, a perfect cat," said a popular ex-champion, vindictively. "She only won by an accident this afternoon,—it was the weather, of course, and ever since the earth has been too small to hold

her. There is nothing she won't do, absolutely nothing, my dear, so keep your eyes open, and look out for tricks."

About half-past five they all gathered in groups around the great open fire. Mr. Biglow and the Reverend Hugh were seated with May and Miss Middleton. It was a very jolly crowd, and Lucy was in the wildest spirits. Her cheeks burned with feverish colour and she flirted outrageously with half a dozen college men who hung around her. Her one object in life seemed to be to scandalise the Reverend Hugh, and May watched her out of the corners of her eyes in astonishment.

"Why, who is that?" Lucy exclaimed at the top of her voice, as a magnificent looking fellow opened the door and shook off the rain from his great coat. "Do you know him, Mr. Borman?"

"Oh, yes, I know him well. It's Robbins, the stroke of the Yale crew."

"Then go and bring him over *at once*," cried Lucy, "I simply must have him, I can't live without him another minute."

Hugh rose and May sent him a little imploring glance.

"I'll be around when you want me," he said, and turned toward the smoking room.

"Miss Middleton seems to be quite in the air,—a little *entêtée*," said one of the older women, with a disagreeable smile.

When Lucy and her opponent, Mrs. Connors, started out to play their match the next morning, the course had dried up considerably, but the weather was still cloudy. There was a large gallery, and general expectation was in Lucy's favour. Every one seemed to detest Mrs. Connors, who was ultra sporty, and had a nasty little way of saying both truths and untruths. She knew every one was against her, but it had absolutely no effect upon her nerve, and, winning the toss, she drove a superb ball far beyond the first bunker. It was a discouraging start for Lucy, but she seemed cool and collected, and put a ball almost as far. May was carrying, and the girls made a pretty picture as they started down the course together.

At the end of the sixth hole, every one saw it was to be a pitched battle. The seventh hole punished a bad drive mercilessly, but the hazard once carried, it could be done in a low figure. Lucy approached the tee with fear and trembling, as she had missed her drive there several times, and felt it to be her "hoodoo." She cleared the hazard beautifully, however, and gave a great sigh of relief. Mrs. Connors was well over, and made a pretty second shot, playing the odd. Lucy played the like, and for some unknown reason made a "flub-dub"—then on the odd she made a fine iron and gained about seventy yards. Mrs. Connors playing the like tried a long approach, but fell short, while Lucy playing the odd landed about a yard and a half from the hole. Mrs. Connors playing the like again, approached short, and on the odd put dead. Lucy looked at her in surprise, then, taking a careful line, holed out.

"Your greens are simply delicious, one can't help going in," she said. "Five—six, I believe."

"Six all, you mean," said Mrs. Connors, stopping short.

"I beg your pardon, I meant five—six."

"I don't see it, Miss Middleton," said Mrs. Connors, shortly.

"Then I'll explain it," replied Lucy. "I drove the hazard, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Playing two I missed; three was a good cleek shot, four was an approach, and on five I holed out."

Mrs. Connors looked unconvinced.

"I think you have failed to count one stroke," she said, decidedly.

"You are allowing for two on the green," replied Lucy, keeping her temper, "but if you remember I made a lucky put, and went in. I can see how you *might* have miscounted."

"We will refer it to the golf committee, since it seems to be your word against mine," said Mrs. Connors, coolly.

They walked to the next tee in silence, the gallery following. Just as Lucy was about to drive, Mrs. Connors

turned to a young woman standing nearby.

"Will you act as scorer?" she asked, handing her the card and pencil. "Shall you mind, Miss Middleton? It will be so much more satisfactory."

"I shall be very glad, if you wish it," she answered, quietly.

Although inwardly furious, Lucy kept her nerve, playing on steadily, and, at the end of the morning round, was one up, not counting the disputed hole.

Upon reaching the house, Mrs. Connors entered her protest, and the club was soon buzzing with comments and speculations.

"This is the result of trying to make a tournament a social affair," said the chairman of the committee, disgustedly. "A match is a match, and should have an official scorer every time. No other way is fair."

"But women don't usually play that way," said one of the men, in an injured voice.

"I know they don't, but it's the unex-

pected that always happens, especially with Mrs. Connors in the case."

May was bitterly indignant, as she had counted Lucy's score, but, acting as caddie, had been unable to make any statement that Mrs. Connors would accept. Lucy only laughed, and said she did not care. Just as they were all going in to luncheon, she turned back to speak to Mr. Biglow, and saw the Reverend Hugh standing silent among a group of men, who were evidently discussing the occurrence of the morning. Their eyes met, holding each other for an instant, and Lucy saw that he doubted her. She coloured crimson, then turned and hastily entered the dining-room.

"Of course he doubts me, how can he help it?" she kept saying to herself. Just before starting on the final round, she happened to see him standing alone in the outer room, looking for a match to light his pipe. She went up to him. "Do you believe I did this thing?" she asked, passionately.

He looked long into her eyes, and in his

heart he believed in her, but on a sudden impulse he felt himself harden, and his face grew cold.

"Have you stated officially that your score was five?"

"Of course."

"Then there is nothing more to be said; one never questions a woman's word."

She stood quite still a moment, then, without a word, turned and walked away.

"What a brute I am!" he said, savagely, as he watched her pass out of sight.

Lucy played the first three or four holes in a dream. She drove, brasseyyed, putted mechanically, her game like some well-ordered piece of mechanism going by itself for awhile, then, without warning, and for no apparent reason, she went completely to pieces. May, suffering agonies, saw her lose hole after hole.

"For heaven's sake, pull yourself together, my girl," whispered Mr. Biglow, as they finished the seventeenth hole.

Lucy struggled, but at the eighteenth Mrs. Connors was dormie five, and at the

nineteenth the match was hers, with a score of six up and five to play.

As they shook hands, Mrs. Connors looked Lucy over critically.

"I'm sorry you lost your nerve," she said, in her queer, blunt way. "You didn't play your game, you know. I'm afraid my protest rattled you, although at first I didn't think you were that sort. No hard feelings, I hope," and, with a little bow, she made her way back to the club-house.

Lucy listened wearily to her friends' lamentations.

"We *counted* on you," said the chairman of the committee, almost with tears in his eyes.

That same evening they all went back to Beverly. The Reverend Hugh was wretched when he learned the result of the match,—a hundred times more wretched than Lucy, who seemed too tired to even feel. She remained in her room all the next day.

"I *must* see her," he thought to himself. "Who would have dreamed that

I could hurt her so. After I see her I must go, for it would only be cross purposes to the end of the chapter." To Hugh's relief, Lucy appeared at dinner, and as they rose from the table he joined her.

"Will you give me a few moments, Miss Middleton?" he asked, hesitatingly. "We might stroll up the road a little way."

She assented listlessly.

Their way led inland, and before them the road wound lazily, stretching out into the dusk,—distinct, yet indistinct. A cloud floated across the wide horizon, and the evening star gleamed faintly.

At last, with an effort, Hugh broke the silence.

"I owe you an apology, Miss Middleton, and I asked you to walk with me so that I might tell you how bitterly I repent the way in which I answered your question yesterday. I can never forgive myself."

"You only acted according to your lights," she said, wearily, after a little

pause. "You were logical,—that was all."

"But I did *not* doubt you," he said, earnestly. "As I looked at you I believed in you absolutely."

"Then why — why — ?" she began.

"I don't know why," he interrupted.

She stopped, and leaned against an old broken fence rail.

"For a long time," she began, at length, "I have wanted to tell you that — that — what I did the day we played together seems like a nightmare. I feel as though some morning I must wake, and find it only a dream. My standards have not been high, I know, but I had never been guilty of such a thing in all my life before. I seem to have waited until I found — you."

He started, then looked away. "I was too hard on you," he said, "I should have let it pass."

"No," she answered; "you were quite right."

He made an impatient gesture of dissent.

"You did not approve of me, did not even admire me, and although at first I hated you, I could not forget what you said, and then I began to see my mistake,—I began to see that—that we might have been good friends."

There was a long silence; then she looked up impulsively into his face.

"Is it too late?"

"It is too late," he answered, coldly. He looked at her as he spoke, and saw her face grow pale. Then he bent and kissed her, passionately, lingeringly.

She stood quite still for a moment, then broke into wild sobbing.

"Forgive me," he said, huskily, "I forgot myself. Don't be so sorry—dear."

He took her hand, and held it in both his own.

"Oh, I cannot bear it!" she cried, struggling with her tears.

"I see how impossible it would be," he went on, gently. "I am poor. I have nothing to offer any girl but the devotion of my life. A small thing in itself, perhaps, but much to me. It would mean

very little to a woman of your world, living and caring only for social excitement or success. It would be cruel to change a woman's whole life for a moment's weakness,—a passing mood. The risk would be too great, the chances of unhappiness too awful."

"But if it were no mood," she said in a low voice, "if it were the truest feeling that could touch a woman's heart?"

Hugh sighed.

"She might believe it to be all that, but it would only be a dream, and very soon would come the awakening. There would be so many sacrifices,—the habits of a whole lifetime to unlearn."

"You are very one-sided," she said, bitterly,—"very blind. The women of what you call our world are not all shallow, not all butterflies. Some of us get tired of the whirl, the sham, the emptiness of it all. Some of us might even be capable of loving, for love's sake. Oh, I know," she went on, as he started to speak, "I understand what you would say,—you have your vocation, your life to live, and you

must live it well. You are strong, but I — ”

Her face was stained with tears, her pride for ever humbled. She looked like some poor wounded bird trailing its broken wings through the dust. A great wave of love and chivalry swept over him. He moved quickly toward her and held out his hands.

“ Come! ” he said.

ONE OFF TWO

VI

ONE OFF TWO

THE heart of the clerk of the weather was soft within him, and Saturday afternoon was deliciously cool. The breeze caught the broad water of the river and crumpled it into a thousand little glittering waves. The links stretched on and on toward the horizon line, smooth, undulating, green, and soft as velvet.

Arnold and Peters were playing for the biggest cup of the season, and, as they were well matched, club opinion was pretty evenly divided on the outcome. Old General Sanderson, who hated Arnold, was waiting around to follow, and Jackie Thomas, the happy-go-lucky of the club, who had had a bicycle spill that morning, appeared with his hand done up in many bandages,

and was working the old gentleman into a frenzy by belittling Peters's chances.

"You see, Arnold is such a cool customer," Jackie asserted, "and he's used to competition. He never plays up to his game until the odds are against him, then look out for him ; that's all I have to say."

"That's all right," snapped the general, testily, "but Peters plays the most brilliant game in this club. Arnold is unsteady. Why, I beat him six down myself only the other day."

"So I've heard before," said Jackie, with a bored air. The General looked daggers and retired.

"What's his grudge against Tom ?" inquired a man who had been standing near by.

"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps he's run up against some of Tom's home truths. They're not sugar-coated."

The men had taken an early luncheon, and had almost a clear course. There was a big gallery, with a large sprinkling of girls in the crowd, making pretty high lights in their white dresses and fluttering

ribbons. Jackie was supposed to be scoring, but he managed to carry on several complicated flirtations, and seemed in his element.

Both Arnold and Peters were on their mettle, and Peters started brilliantly, winning three straight holes. Arnold soon got into his swing, and pulled the score down to even all at the seventh hole. Peters won the eighth, and the General, who was very fat, began to get red and fussy between the effects of heat and excitement.

"One up," said Peters, looking at his card, "and by Jove! Tom, if you do this hole in five, you'll go out in forty-three. It's a good thing for me that this isn't medal play, for that nine would have fixed me."

"Forty-three," cried Arnold, stopping in astonishment. "You must be mistaken. That's as good as I've ever done, and I'm not up to my game."

"Here it is in black and white. The first in five, the second in five, the third in five, the fourth in three, the fifth in six,—

that's good for that hole,—the sixth in four, the seventh in four, the eighth in six, making thirty-eight for eight holes, with two sixes. Well, you may not think you're up to your game, but it's good going."

"Here's two to one that he doesn't do it in five," said the General, cheerfully.

"Done," said Jackie.

"What an old wretch that General is!" said pretty May Biglow, to a man sauntering beside her. "He ought to be put off the course."

"He wouldn't understand the reason if they did put him off," said her companion, with a smile.

Arnold's lips closed firmly. Jackie knew that look, and felt placidly sure of his balls.

It was Arnold's honour, and, standing on the tee, he put down his ball, and took a trial swing. Tall, broad-shouldered, purposeful, he stood strongly silhouetted against the sky.

"How attractive he looks," said May Biglow. "I wonder if he's as interesting as he seems, or only like all the rest."

"Only like all the rest," answered her companion, quietly.

Peters looked at Tom with an expression of affection in his clear brown eyes. He himself was playing for all he was worth, but he was a man who could see something outside of his game. He could enjoy the trees and the sky, could be really very companionable when he was making a good score, and if, as sometimes happened, he played badly, he seemed to wrap himself in a mantle of good-natured philosophy.

"I wish I knew them better," sighed a young married woman, impatiently, "but they're so impregnable!"

"They don't altogether appreciate us," answered May Biglow, reflectively. "They've both been through the mill."

Arnold drove a long ball and landed well on the other side of the road. Peters drove, and pulled a little into the long grass, but was well out with his mashie, and up on the rise of the hill in two. Arnold took a brassey, and put a good ball just this side of the road. Peters made a beautiful iron,

and landed dead on the green. Arnold playing the like, approached, but sclaffed, and landed a trifle beyond the edge of the green. It was his turn, playing the odd.

"You've won your balls, but it's Pete's hole," said the General to Jackie, in an audible voice, as Arnold studied his put.

Arnold looked at Peters and smiled. "Here's for a try," and getting well down to it, he putted for the hole. The ball ran true, then, rimming the cup a little, it gave a lurch and dropped in.

Peters holed out and they halved in four.

The General slapped his knee and swore softly. "It was pure robbery," he said, disgustedly, thinking of his Silvertowns.

By this time both men were getting well warmed up to their work. They halved frequently, and, try as he would, neither could get more than one up on the other. Peters held Arnold well, and played at times brilliantly, although Arnold was steady and his score consistently low. As they holed out on the seventeenth green, the strain began to tell a little on

the nerves of both men, as the card again showed even all, and one to go. Quite a number of men had heard of the closeness of the match from the caddies, and were waiting to join the gallery at the home tee. A group of people from the club-house sauntered up to see the finish, while two women hung eagerly over the piazza railing of the little house on the left. Aside from the General's voice, which could be heard offering bets to the newcomers, it was as silent as the grave.

"I wish they'd play golf more jocosely," said a poor unenlightened duffer.

"Oh, keep quiet," said Jackie, glaring at him savagely.

It was Peters's honour, and, with a magnificent swing, he sent the ball well away. The gallery, leaning forward, with hands up to shade their eyes, thought that it would never stop. Arnold teed his ball with the do or die look Jackie knew so well. Pulling his hat over his eyes, he took a firm stance, and was just past the top of his swing when a little flying figure shot across the course directly in

front of him, and stopping suddenly, cried, in a childish treble :

“Helloo, Tom! Bee’s dot a flower for ‘oo!”

Pale as death, Arnold wavered, then swung to the left with all his strength, and the ball, going with the force of a bullet, crashed through the window of the house on the left, and landed in the centre of Mrs. Alden’s æsthetic little drawing-room.

There was a cry of horror from the women in the gallery, and some made an involuntary rush for Bee, who stood at Arnold’s feet, a quaint, small figure in green, with the fatal flower in one little hand.

The colour rushed suddenly back into Arnold’s face. He caught the child in his arms, holding her closely, and kissed her; then, seeing her surprise and alarm at his emotion, he put her quickly down, and addressed her with quaint formality.

“Thank you very much, Honey Bee. Your flower is very beautiful. As I have no coat now, I’ll put it in my hat. So—”

suiting the action to the word, "and when I go to dinner to-night, I'll put it in my buttonhole."

Bee continued to regard him gravely.

"Don't you think you'd better run back to Nurse now?" suggested May Biglow, and the little figure flew off obediently.

Arnold turned to Peters.

"The cup is yours, Pete. It was a good match, and since Fate decreed that I should lose, I'm glad it goes to you," and the two men shook hands, looking hard into each other's eyes.

"Beastly luck!" murmured Jackie, mournfully.

"That was a close 'call,'" said the General, mopping his brow, and looking a trifle subdued. "Who is the child, anyway?"

"Little Bee Pelham, a daughter of one of his classmates. They are great chums, and she has a funny little way of giving him a flower every time she sees him."

"She came near giving him her last one," said Peters. "I say, Arnold, don't you think we'd better go over to the

house and see how much damage we have done?"

"I'll go, too," said Jackie. "I think I see a new girl with Mrs. Alden. By Jove!" he cried, as they drew nearer, "if it isn't Helen Thornton herself!"

II

Mrs. Alden was still a handsome woman, and looked a gracious figure as she rose and moved forward to greet the newcomers. Standing on the lower step of the veranda, Arnold offered his humblest apologies, while Jackie unceremoniously passed them and joined Miss Thornton, who was seated in the background.

"I hope you'll allow me to send a man up at once," Tom was saying. "I can never quite forgive my clumsiness, and —"

"I won't hear another word about it," interrupted Mrs. Alden, "and as for your sending a man, I will not allow it. I offer my window quite cheerfully as a sacrifice to the gods, since dear little Bee is safe. How tired you all look! Now that you're

here, you must stay and have tea with me."

The men suddenly became conscious that their collars were reposing peacefully in their lockers, while green stains and brown smudges ornamented their once white trowsers. Only Jackie was resplendent in dazzling ducks and immaculate stock, while the pattern of his shirt might "have caused an echo," as the General put it.

"Really, Mrs. Alden," said Peters, with a flush of embarrassment, "I'm afraid we don't look very fit. If you'll excuse us—"

"But I won't excuse you. Don't you suppose I've ever seen a man without his collar before? Besides, you both neglect me so atrociously that I may never be able to catch you again. I want to introduce you to my guest, Miss Thornton. Helen, let me present Mr. Peters — Mr. Arnold; Jackie, will you ring for tea?" The men made the best of the situation, and Arnold sauntered over to where Miss Thornton was sitting.

"I hear that you are a great golfer," he said, seating himself.

"Oh, no," she answered, with a little laugh, "only an aspiring one. I'm in love with your links, but I can't play them. Yet I wouldn't have them different for anything in the world."

"All you want is good coaching," said Jackie. "You'd better let me take you over the course and show you how to play each hole."

"But you can't use your hand," with a mischievous look into his eyes, "and I *know* you won't want to simply walk."

"Just watch me! Haven't I faithfully followed these two duffers all this lovely afternoon, and what is my reward? I'm short two dozen balls and four dinners, and this is only the fifteenth! My man beaten! my bets lost!"

Meanwhile tea had arrived, and Arnold, leaning back, looked at Miss Thornton with interest. She had a sweet, low voice and a subtle charm of changing expression, and Jackie hung on her every word. Her Northern fairness and marked Southern

accent gave a delightfully piquant sense of contrast.

"Have you heard of Sally Adams's engagement?" said Mrs. Alden; "it's the sensation of the hour."

"Yes, that was a rapid thing," laughed Peters, helping himself to tea-cakes; "they met each other just about six weeks ago. Love at first sight, they both say."

"What folly!" exclaimed Arnold, impatiently. "What can she know of him, or he of her, in six weeks?"

"You evidently don't believe in love at first sight," remarked Mrs. Alden, looking at him curiously. "What *do* you believe in?"

"He doesn't believe in anything," interrupted Jackie. "He's a regular pagan. He isn't human, really, Mrs. Alden."

"Be quiet, Jackie, I want to hear what Mr. Arnold really does think. He looked rather communicative for half a minute."

"I think," began Arnold, slowly, "that I haven't much faith in the soul-consuming passion people talk about. No real feeling can last unless there is some solid

foundation for it to rest upon, and I couldn't get to the foundation in six weeks. At least, I hope not!"

"Hear the baby talk," said Peters. "You'd never think he'd lived thirty-three years in this mocking old world. Why, man, love can exist where there is nothing to the eye of the sane human being,—neither beauty nor cleverness, nor anything else, while sometimes the most ideal characters go through life without inspiring it. Love is like life,—you can't explain one or the other, can you, Jackie?"

"What you say may be true, but, nevertheless, I still cling to my theory; though I may be speaking from too personal a standpoint. What do you think?" and Arnold turned suddenly to Miss Thornton.

"I? Oh, I think love is a flame!"

"You bet it is," said Jackie, "several flames. They just burn till there's nothing left of you. I know," with an adoring look at Miss Thornton.

Every one laughed and the men rose to go.

"We shall hope to see something of

you, now that Miss Thornton is here," said Mrs. Alden. "I don't include you," turning to Jackie, "because I'm sure you'll live here anyway, no matter what I say. *Do go*, you foolish boy," as Jackie audaciously stooped and kissed her. "I'm too old to be hoodwinked by sugar-plums."

III

About a month later Arnold suddenly became conscious that he was seeing a great deal of the Aldens, and incidentally of Miss Thornton. They had spent days on the links together and hours out on the river. He wondered if his intimacy there was due to clever management on Mrs. Alden's part, or to his own inclinations. He reflected that he had never been managed into going where he did not wish to go before, so he came to the conclusion that, if Mrs. Alden had offered opportunities, he, on his part, had been willing enough to make use of them. He knew that all the women in the club were in ecstasies over what they called

his sudden capture. They even forgave "Her" for being pretty and not of them. He wondered vaguely if he had come so quickly to that place where he must decide once for all whether to go forward or backward. He thought he was not able to decide either one way or the other. He was sitting alone on the club piazza, in the late afternoon sunshine, his chair tipped back, his feet on the railing, and his hat down over his eyes. From where he sat the links stretched away in a long light-flooded vista, the few little clouds in the west turned slowly to gleaming gold, and he could hear the gentle lapping of the water against the rocks. He did not know quite how long he had been sitting there, when Jackie appeared, and promptly proceeded to break in upon his solitude. They talked aimlessly for a few minutes, while Jackie seemed deeply interested in the wild hurryings of a little ant on the table between them. Suddenly he threw away the end of his cigar, and studied Arnold's face long and earnestly.

"Tom," he said, at length, "I want to

have a little talk with you. You know what I think of you, old man, how I've always believed you to be the best type our place ever turns out. It's the same way with all younger fellows, so you mustn't take what I have to say wrongly."

"Go on, Jackie, I know your sort."

"You remember the night I dropped in to see you and Pete, and told you about — Helen Thornton ?"

Tom nodded.

"I said then that she could have me. She can now, bless her ! I love her with all my heart. God knows I have no false pride, and I'd ask her to marry me to-morrow if I had a roof and crust of bread to offer her, but I haven't. I would do her a great injustice if I didn't believe that she'd share the roof and the crust with me, if she loved me, — but she doesn't. I didn't have to ask her to find out." Jackie's face looked pale, but very strong and sweet. He continued :

"You ought to be able to win the love of almost any woman, Tom, and you're worthy of the very best she has to give

you in return. You haven't frittered away your heart in a thousand flirtations and unholy loves, but you've kept it clean and pure, waiting for the coming of the one woman in the world. She's come, Tom. You're out of focus over that confounded theory of love being a growth, and all that trash, and you don't recognise the blessed thing now it's come to you ; but I do, and I tell you you love Helen Thornton *now*. I am not blind, though you are. I don't know whether she'll say yes or no. You and I are not the only moths around the candle, but you owe it to something in your own soul to ask her, no matter what her answer may be. You want her, go and win her, while you can."

There was a long pause, then Arnold rose. "Thank you, Jackie," he said, simply, and turning aside he went out into the glory of the sunset.

IV

The next evening two figures came slowly toward the green of the fifteenth

hole. Had they looked, they could have seen the silver thread of the river winding along for miles. All distinct outlines were lost in the deepening dusk, while here and there, from the quiet little village, a light gleamed out like a star.

They had sent their caddies back to the club-house, believing it too dark to finish, although Helen Thornton was studying the line of her put intently, and Arnold stood quietly watching her. She was conscious of a decided change in him, and, woman-like, would almost have put away from her that for which she most longed. At last she looked up, with an appealing little expression in her beautiful gray eyes.

"I'm so stupid,—I've forgotten the score," she said, breathlessly, while Arnold, catching both her hands in his, drew her gently to him.

"Bother the score," he said, recklessly, "or rather, let's call it one off two!"

DOING SOMETHING FOR
HIS COLLEGE



VII

DOING SOMETHING FOR HIS COLLEGE

A STRONG athletic figure on crutches stumped doggedly along the road toward the Yale field. Groups of students in a steady stream passed by, some with a word or jest, others with the supreme indifference of "upper classmen." Fred Walters was going out to see the 'Varsity practice for the first time since he had made a touchdown for the college side, and had been picked up with a dislocated knee which he knew now would prevent his playing for a season at least. It was a bitter blow, as his rather unusual combination of strength and great agility had made him an almost certain candidate for the position of half-back. He had been

captain of his school eleven, and thought he could play football, but he did not know that his docility under hard coaching had brought him to the favourable notice of every veteran on the field.

Practice had already begun when he arrived, and the steam from twenty-two perspiring young bodies was clearly visible in the keen, crisp autumn air.

“Tackle low!” rang out the bell-like voice of the coach, as a half-back on the college side made a pretty run around the end, aided by some clever interference. He was pretty well toward the goal when Summers, the full-back, met him with a rush, and they went down together.

Walters followed each play breathlessly. Things were going with a vim, as the team was sifting down to its final make-up. When time was called, Morton, the famous ex-captain, noticed the tall, crippled figure, and the despairing eyes that followed the team as they walked off.

“Poor devil!” he murmured to himself. “There’s a heartbroken boy, if ever there was one.”

"Knee gone back on you?" he asked, sauntering up to him.

"Yes, sir," answered Walters, flushing with surprise and pleasure. "I'm afraid I'm useless for the rest of the term, anyway."

"Tough luck!" said the ex-captain. "Better try for the nine in the spring."

All that winter Walters nursed his knee assiduously. With the first break in the weather he was out getting into shape, and his spirits grew high as his knee behaved pretty well on long runs, and in the gymnasium; but when the nine went out for its first practice game, he wrenched it sliding for base.

"Good-bye to my last chance to try for a white Y," he thought, as they carried him off the field, and the world looked very black.

He was a severe trial to his family that summer. He would do nothing and go nowhere, but sat on the piazza and moped, or read until he could not see. He used to jeer at his brother Burk,—who had been a famous sprinter and had always held

Fred's highest respect,—because Burk had taken up golf. Fred had condescended once or twice to walk over the course, and had exasperated Burk almost beyond endurance.

"Why, the game is only fit for women, and duffers with one foot in the grave," Fred had remarked, scornfully.

"You'd better wait till you know something about it before you give an opinion," replied Burk, sharply. "The trouble with you is, that you're so crabbed and self-centred you can't see an inch before your nose. If you had any sense, you'd take up the game and see what you could do with it, instead of jeering at your betters. Football and baseball are pretty fine, and you had beastly tough luck, I'll admit, but you have to take what comes your way in this world and not sit crying for the moon like a baby. You'd better think if you can't do something for your college."

Fred turned this advice over in his mind. Here was the candid opinion of a man who was one of Yale's best known

athletes, and even if he did happen to be his brother, it was not to be despised. So, more as a task than as a pleasure, he decided to go in for golf. With the bland disregard for "*meum* and *tuum*" that collegians seem to possess, he took possession of Burk's clubs, and helped himself to some old balls which had been set aside to be remade.

Pretty Miss Richardson came upon him one morning with his trousers rolled up as far as they would go, his cap on the back of his head, and in his hand a crab net. He was standing knee-deep in the pond of the third hole, and all about him, like apples in a tub at "Hallowe'en," were little bobbing balls. He looked irresistibly funny, and his earnest expression, as he bent down and tried to land some refractory little piece of gutta percha, was too much for Miss Richardson's gravity.

"Remades float,
Like Ivory Soap,"

she chanted as soon as she could speak.
"You seem to have put a good many in

there, not counting those that have retired to the bottom. Since when has your highness taken up the Ancient and Royal? I thought you were a confirmed scoffer."

"So I was until Burk read me a moral lecture. This is the result."

"Have you had any instruction?" inquired Miss Richardson.

"Oh, no, I have only fooled around a little by myself."

"That is a great mistake," she said, quickly, "because in two or three days one can get into bad habits that may take months to correct. We have a splendid professional here, his irons are really wonderful; why don't you get hold of him, and take some lessons?"

"I think I will," he answered, with more animation than he had shown for weeks.

After Miss Richardson's departure he gathered up his balls, and, restoring his trousers to their normal position, went back to the caddy-house. Burnie was getting some remades for a very pretty girl whom Walters did not know.

"I've come to see if you have time to take me in hand," said Walters, as she walked away.

"Mayhap a'll have a stray oour noo an' agen," said Burnie, looking him over keenly. "Ye 'ill hae played a bit, a'm thinkin'?"

"No—I'm a duffer pure and simple."

"Ah, weel, we'll try wha we can do wie ye. There's na tellin' till ye try. There's Mister Wallace, a vera proper gentleman, all his best efforts went into the 'cassams,' and he would na play wie aught but an iron i' spite o' all a' could say. Then he went awa ter Willie Manis, who said the same as a' did, and bought twa wooden clubs, fer ye see Mister Wallace is ane o' these hard-headen business gentlemen, an' he said, 'When twa professionals agree tergether there must be somethin' in it.'"

"I hear you are considered one of the best iron players in this country," said Fred, sitting down on the doorstep and lighting his pipe.

"Aye, a' should na wonder," replied Burnie, complacently, "a'm a vera val-u-

able mon, Mister Walters, as mony can testify, an' a'm thinkin' that the gentlemen o' this club are commencin' ter appreciate that a'm conscientious, an' a hard wurker. They could na hae a better mon; na, na, they could na, fer a' understand ma business an' what is proper fer ma position. Ye 'ill see professionals frae the old countree,—a' mind there's Willie Manis and Jock McCrae, they could na keep their silly heads ter their duties, but went gallivantin' aboot wie boats an' ither foolishness. Wie me, ye 'ill hear it's different. There's na word exceptin' praise. There could na be," he added, positively.

Walters was so taken aback at this wonderful eulogy that he looked around to see what manner of man Burnie was. Little and stocky, he might have been any age from thirty to fifty. He never wore anything but a shapeless old tweed suit, once brown, but now a gray green, which he was proud of saying "had served him fer mony a year, an' would serve him fer as mony mair." He had an ugly weather-beaten face, with sandy hair, but there

was something beneath his ugliness and conceit which made one believe in and like him.

"Have you an hour to spare now?" asked Walters, as he put up his pipe. Burnie said he had, and the two started out together.

All Walters's experience in athletics had tended toward the valuation of great physical strength and force, so his ideas on golf ran to the heaviest clubs, and the longest swing. Taking the driver in his powerful hands, he whirled it around his head until it seemed as though the slender shaft must break. When he hit the ball, after a few attempts, it went singing through the air with the force of a bullet.

"Aye, aye, but ye put pooer into 't," said Burnie, somewhat impressed in spite of himself. "That's na the way, laddie. Yer a fine figure of a mon, and ye've mony a pound ter yir credit, but ye maun na expect ter expend yir pooer upon a bit golf ball. 'Tis the directness wie which the club hits the ball that tells."

"But I don't see how one can get dis-

tance without force," said Walters, unconvinced.

"Lord's sake, mon, ye get yir distance wie the wrists and wie the follow through. A long swing is a vera gude thing, an' so is pooer, but there's mair to it than that. Try aince agen, an' dinna swing sa madly."

Walters did so, and got a moderately long ball perfectly straight. He was not satisfied to follow Burnie's advice, however, and began hitting hard. He gained great distance, but either pulled or sliced badly.

"A' see it a' noo," said Burnie, who had watched him in silence. "Ye've got the long drivin' bee in yir bonnet, an' it 'ill stay there in spite o' aw a' can say, till ye learn yir ain lesson; but, look ye, yir balls were a' either hookèd, or swithered, an' if ye were playin' in a ma'ch, ye'd find that tho' ye were hole high on yir second shot, an' yir opponent playin' the odd, when it came ter holen oot on the green, ye'd be playin' the like instead o' one off two. 'Tis the straight ball that counts in the end, laddie, an' the sooner ye learn ter

believe what a' say, the sooner I'll make a golfer o' ye,—fer a'm thinkin' ye gie a bit promise i' spite o' yir obstinate conclusions. A' dinna say so positively, mind ye, but if ye put yirsel' in ma hand, an' refrain frae too mony idees o' yir ain,—aweel, I'll make nae promises. Ye'll be wantin' some clubs, a'm thinkin'?"

"Oh, yes," said Walters, "these are only a borrowed set of my brother's. This is a beautiful driver of yours, Burnie."

"Aye, ye may weel say that!" he answered, proudly, "fer a' made every part o' it wie ma ain hand, and a'm only just to ma'sel' when a' say that there's na better hand in a' the countree-side. There's Mr. Samson, a vera proper gentleman, an' a good jedge o' merit, he saed ter me, 'Burnie, yir clubs are o' tha vera best; there's nane better, an' a' want an ither brassey and twa drivers o' the same pattern.' That's what a' call a vera discernin' gentleman, Mister Walters."

"You must make quite some money," said Fred, as they sauntered toward the caddy-house.

"A'm makin' a wie bit," answered Burnie. "Aye, just a wie bit, an' a'm thinkin' it's only what a' deserve. A' was able ter send a matter o' fifty pounds ter ma brother awa' in Scotlan'. A' tho't 'twas better than writin' affectionate letters. He's annither splendid mon, is ma brother. Just like masel', an' vera steady. 'Tis once a month he goes ter th' Edinboro teerter an' passes a fine night."

"And you, don't you ever go?"

"'Tis vera seldom a'm leavin', a'm mair content i' the open," he answered, looking around at the wide horizon line.

When they reached the caddy-house, Walters selected three irons, a heavy cleek, a mid-iron, and a light Morris lofter, but had some difficulty in getting his wooden clubs. After much weighing and balancing, Burnie finally chose him a rather light brassey well laid back, and with very little spring in the shaft. When it came to the driver, Fred had an idea of his own.

. "This is a pretty nice club," said he, taking up the one he had been using.

"There's nae better," answered Burnie.

"Why won't you sell me this one? I got on rather decently with it this afternoon."

Burnie tipped his cap back, and scratched his head meditatively. "Aye, 'tis a fine one, an' suits ye fairly," he murmured half aloud. He took it out of Walters's hand, and went over it inch by inch.

"A' made it a' wie ma own hand, an' 'tis masel' that used it." Then he glanced up quickly and handed Fred the club.

"A'll gie it to ye, a'll gie it to ye," he said, turning resolutely away.

"Oh, *no!*!" cried Walters, greatly embarrassed. "Let me buy it, if you are willing to let me have it at all. I'm more than anxious to have the club, but if you won't let me pay for it, then I can't accept it."

"Na, na, a'll gie it to ye!" said Burnie, with desperate decision, although his eye lingered on it lovingly. "It's no fer me to be praisin' masel', but ye'll see, Mr. Walters, that a'm a vera just mon, an' content wie a reasonable profit. Ye'll be wanting mony a club frae me, a'm thinkin',

an a'd like yer trade. Na, a'll gie it to ye, a'll gie it to ye," and "gie it to him" he did.

By the end of the summer Walters had developed a very fair game, although hampered in his progress by his desire to gain unusual distance. He went back to college with the firm intention of getting on the team if it was a possible thing, and if he failed, to keep on trying until he succeeded. All during that winter he could be seen in a quiet corner of the gymnasium swinging steadily, for an hour at a time; then, with an old door-mat for a green, he pitched balls from varying distances until he became positively deadly in his accuracy. No one paid very much attention to him except to smile, and put him down as a golf crank. In the spring he was out early, with high hopes, but soon became dreadfully discouraged, as his balls were all badly pulled or sliced, and he had lost even his distance. Nothing seemed to result from his long winter's practice but an approach shot which nine times out of ten ran up dead to the hole. As the local

club tournament approached, his spirits sank lower and lower. All the college cracks were entered, and the result carried considerable weight in the first selections for the team.

On the opening day he had the bad luck to draw Newcome, the Yale captain. Newcome was rather put out about it, and was overheard to remark that he had hoped to "get a good match and try for a record, but had caught a duffer." This did not improve Walters's frame of mind, and his start was worse even than he had anticipated. He topped, pulled, sliced, and pressed so badly that, after regarding him with astonishment for a hole or two, Newcome ceased to consider him, and played his own game.

At the end of the first nine, Walters had given up all hope; then, for no apparent reason, he steadied down, and to the astonishment of every one, including himself, he came in so well that when the scores were posted he was the last to qualify.

"By Jove, I wouldn't have thought it

possible!" said Newcome, as they all stood around the board together, "and I don't see quite yet how it happened."

"Neither do I," replied Walters, "but it won't make much difference in the end,—it's only one more day of agony for me, and a dead sure thing for the other fellow."

But to his surprise he won his first match, although only after a very close call. This gave him a certain measure of confidence, and his game came with a rush; steadily, surely, and sometimes brilliantly he won his way, until he and Newcome were left face to face in the finals.

"You diaphanous stuff," said Newcome, giving him a friendly clip on the shoulder, "I like your impertinence!"

The two men had quite a gallery as they started out, and Walters gave Newcome the game of his life. They halved hole after hole, Walters playing for a place on the team, Newcome defending his title of champion, so every hole was a battle. It was only after winning two straight,

and halving the match on the eighteenth, that Walters wavered, and on the nineteenth sliced so badly that the match went to Newcome by one up.

"By Jove! but he was hard to beat," said Newcome, mopping his brow and taking his clubs from Peterson, "and who would have thought it, after the exhibition he made of himself on the first day! Golf is a wonderful mystery, that's all there is about it."

A few weeks later Walters found himself ranked fourth on the team, and during all the practice games at the different clubs he usually managed to hold his man. He soon began to be considered pretty steady, and a hard man to down, so at the Intercollegiates, Newcome decided to play him third. When the eventful occasion arrived, the first person Walters saw as he was preparing to start on a practice round was Burnie.

"Ye see, a' could na be sa near an' not cume ter see ye," he said, in response to Walters's astonishment. "A' was in New York fer a matter o' three days expendin'

a lot o' money. Aye! a'm takin' a hundred and fifty dollars' worth o' stuff back wie me. Ye see a' believe in havin' the best o' whatever ony gentleman is like ter ask fer, then yir satisfied yirsel's, an' a' get ma bit profit cheerful-like. A' want ter gie ye a word o' advice," he added. "Ye've done vera weel, an' a'm fair prood o' ye, but ye can do better, there's nae doot aboot it. Dinna furget that 'tis mair satisfyin' ter halve the hole than to lose it, an if ye hae th' advantage o' ain or two up, dinna press tha match ter hae it sune ower wie. There's mair loss than gain i' that, a'll tell ye. There's Harrie Vardon — "

"All right," hastily interrupted Walters, who had heard of "Harrie Vardon" before, "I'll remember what you say," and, finding his man, succeeded in making his escape.

As it happened, Harvard beat Princeton, and Yale beat Columbia on the first day of team-play, leaving the two old rivals to fight it out together. They all got an early start, but before half the men

had driven off the rain came down in sheets. Every one's spirits seemed to take on the colour of the sky, until, later on in the day, it was seen that the match would be a very close one. The Harvard and Yale captains were the last to arrive, and it was discovered that their score made the championship a tie. Then every one began to talk at once, and the Committee went into immediate session, to decide how the tie should be played off. After much bandying of words, and some heated discussion, it was arranged to take an extra day, and play eighteen holes the following morning, the men to be paired as before.

The strain was beginning to tell on Walters's nerves, and he went out about nine o'clock to drive a few practice balls. They were going off superbly when he came down too straight on the ball, and, hitting the ground, split the head of his club in two. Fortunately, he had brought a duplicate head of Burnie's with him, and the two went over to the caddy-house together to have it put on

properly. This took some little time, so Walters and Merriman of Harvard were the last to start. Walters did very poorly for the first two or three holes, and Merriman got a dangerous lead. Then getting on to the balance of his new club, Fred began to pick up, gradually gaining upon his opponent, until at the eighteenth tee they stood even all. Both got away good drives, and both used brasseys for their second shot. Walking slowly over the brow of the hill, they saw an immense crowd around the home green. From where they stood, the red coats massed together shone out like great flowers against the blue gray of the river. There was such a distinct air of stir and expectancy about the gallery that the two men looked at each other apprehensively.

"Do you think it rests with us?" asked Merriman, turning a shade paler.

Walters couldn't speak, — he nodded and walked over to his ball. It caught the roll of the hill and ran across the green about twelve feet beyond the hole.

Merriman, who had gained considerably more than Walters on his second shot, made a superb approach, and landed about five feet from the hole.

The ground seemed to give way under Walters's feet as he walked toward the green. He caught sight of Newcome's agonised face, and his heart beat almost to suffocation. He bent mechanically, and brushed aside a leaf with the back of his hand.

He knelt to get his direction. "Oh make it!" hoarsely whispered a voice very near him, that he recognised as his brother's.

Then he took a deep breath and felt his hands grow steady and his nerves like steel. After careful study he made his put, and the ball shot forward straight as a die, then, rimming the cup a little, wavered and blundered in.

The gallery broke into a sudden burst of applause, which was instantly stilled. But it was too late,—the strain, and Walters discouragingly long put, after his own beautiful approach, was too much for Mer-

riman, and he missed for a halve, the championship going to Yale.

"A' told ye hoo it would be," rang out Burnie's voice above all the others, as the team went into the dressing-room. "A' was just countin' on his doin' it, fer a'm no praisin' ma sel' too highly when a' say there's nae a professional i' tha land wha' could 'a' made a golfer o' Mister Walters i' tha same time. There's Harrie Vardon —"

"Oh, drop Harrie Vardon and come in and celebrate," said Burk, who was wild with joy, and was going to fill the cup.

"Here's to the man who did it, fellows," said Newcome a little later, throwing one arm across Walters's shoulder, and with the other lifting the brimming trophy high in the air.

A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

VIII

A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

“HERE comes a sport,” said Gray to a group of men seated around a table in the club café, “and not only a sport, but a sportsman,—there’s a distinction and a difference, you know.”

“Who is he?” asked Rollins, looking up with interest.

“Henderson, of Compressed Cotton fame.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Rollins. “I’ve often wanted to see him. He must be very wealthy—”

“Wealthy! Well, I should say so. Coming to think of it, he’s one of the few wealthy Southerners that have ever come my way. It doesn’t seem to spoil them apparently,—that is, if he’s a fair sample.”

"Good evenin', gentlemen," said the newcomer, bowing to the group in general with an old-world courtesy that somehow suggested the faint odour of dried rose leaves. "May I have the pleasure of joinin' you?"

They greeted him cordially, and made room for him at their little round table.

"Don't say I'm too late to offer you all a mint julep," he remarked, ringing the bell. "I can't say that it will be like the ones Cousin Lee Pickins gives us in old Kentucky. I tell you, gentlemen, there's a bed of mint under the dining-room window of my old home out there that haunts me in my dreams. By the way," he added, turning to Gray, "I'd like to play a match with you, sir,—suit yourself about time,—I'm up here for a day or so for some good solid golf."

"I shall be delighted," answered Gray. "Let me see—I think I could get away Thursday, and perhaps get the 3.35. How shall we play?"

"You'd better believe we'll play even, sir. My game is coming along. Shall we

play a ball a hole, and a box of balls on the match?"

Gray looked a little uncomfortable. He knew he was one of the best players in the club, and knew also that Henderson had not been very long at the game.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, after a moment's hesitation. "We'll limit the stakes to four remades. We do that quite a little here."

"Remades? What are remades?"

The four men at the table looked at each other with raised eyebrows.

"Why, a remade is a ball that has been used once or twice, and is then remoulded and repainted. If the work is well done, it's not half bad for practice."

"I never heard of them," he answered, quite sincerely. "What did you say about four balls?"

"Only that instead of playing for a ball a hole, we might play for four on the match."

"That means, if I win six holes, I only get four balls. No, sir, I'm no great golfer, but I'll play you for a ball a hole,

and a dozen on the match, and I'm not afraid of being beaten, either."

"Very well; I'm willing," said Gray, with a laugh.

"Hello, Wheeler! How do you like the course?" said Rollins to a rather stout, middle-aged man who sauntered up to the table.

"I don't like it at all," he answered, sharply. "In fact, I think it's the poorest I've ever seen."

"What is the matter with it?" demanded Gray, rather resentfully.

"Why, it is nothing but hills, bunkers, and ravines; it's ridiculous."

"One must have some bunkers," replied Rollins.

"Some, yes; but yours are so badly placed. They're sure to catch the average drive."

"I know what is the matter with you, Colonel Wheeler. You always want to play score," said Gray. "You medal-play sharps look upon every bunker as an enemy. You would shorten the course, make the fair-green a lawn, and the putting-green

a billiard-table ; have everything flat, never a hanging lie. You would fill up all ravines and lift out of every road, and, if you were not ashamed, you'd suggest a place lie for every shot ; and for what ? A few miserable points more or less."

" What a tirade," said Rollins, enjoying Wheeler's expression immensely.

" You score fiends," went on Gray, now thoroughly aroused, " never get anywhere. Why ? Because you never take the time to learn, or practise. It's too expensive. Experiments make you lose strokes, so you never make them, and, consequently, never improve. By and by you lose even the poor thing you called your game, and then comes the crucial test ; for if you are not really strong-minded, if you care only to win the match of the hour, you will end by giving up the game altogether, for you haven't the courage to go back to first principles. Perhaps one man in ten has the sand to make himself over again after an experience of this kind, and what is the result ? A new lease of life for his game, and the knowledge of a few other impor-

tant things beside. Our courses over here are only just beginning to be good, because we are all only just beginning to understand that a topped drive deserves to be penalised, and that the fairest test of golf, in the end, is a long playing distance."

"Hear! hear!" said an Englishman who had been quietly listening. "You are all only beginners, anyway, and some of your ideas seem odd to an old-timer like myself, but you are learning fast, and you are going to be great dabs at the game. It's one of your characteristics that, if you do anything at all, you end in doing it well."

"Hear the British lion," said Rollins. "He's making us purr."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Gray," said Colonel Wheeler, who had been talking to Henderson, "I'll bet you twenty-five dollars that Henderson will beat you on Thursday, and ten dollars that he beats you more than two up. I don't believe you know as much about golf as you think you do."

"I'm sorry, but I never bet on myself," said Gray, quietly. "It destroys all my pleasure."

"That's queer," remarked Henderson. "I never play so well as when there is something up on the result."

"I'll take you with pleasure, colonel," said Rollins. "How much did you say — twenty-five and ten?"

"On Thursday, then," said Henderson, rising and moving toward the door.

Just then a weird figure in a bath-robe appeared from the direction of the locker-room.

"Hello! here's Jackie," said the colonel. "What's he up to in that guise?"

"I say, you, Rollins," called Jackie, "you take off my socks. Because you haven't any of your own is no reason why you should take mine."

Every one at the table shouted, while Rollins straightened up and tried not to look guilty.

"Why do you accuse *me* of having your socks?" he asked, in an injured tone. "Because yours are missing (if you ever

had any) is no good reason why you should suspect me of taking them."

"I caught you red-handed," said Jackie, wrathfully, "for the bath-boys say you were looking for yours for an hour. Any-way, if you haven't them, some one else has, and I'm going to find them if I have to take off all your boots myself."

Henderson had stopped on his way out, to listen, and came back a step or two.

"It seems to me that your claims are only limited by your vision," he said, in his delicious Southern drawl. "There's Mr. Rheinlander over yonder," pointing to a portly, world-famed financier, "you'd better go and claim his, too."

Jackie retired under fire of the shout that greeted this sally, but half an hour later reappeared in the dining-room, with several women, in his usual faultless evening dress. Rollins, unable to let well enough alone, went up to investigate.

"Did you find them?" he whispered, with deadly interest.

"*Find* them!" exclaimed Jackie, his face like a thunder-cloud, — "when you had

them on! Get out of my sight, or I'll tell the story publicly. I'm in the mood to do it, too, for I've nothing to protect me from new patent leathers!"

Thursday afternoon found Gray and Henderson keen for their match. Colonel Wheeler had been unable to forgive Gray his comments on medal play. He took everything personally,—bitterly resenting the fact that any person living knew more about golf than he. In his heart, he would have invented a patent brassey, arranged to gauge distance like a modern gun, but he objected to being discovered.

Gray, after a few holes, came to the conclusion that Henderson was a very formidable opponent. His form was crude, and he pressed constantly, but his game had a dash which suited his character. He never knew when he was beaten, and played best when he had the odds against him. Gray found him the most delightful companion, for he seemed to think the etiquette of golf as important as the actual play. He was an exceptionally long driver, yet appeared able to resist the

temptation to rush after his ball, leaving his partner to get off as best he might. Gray, who was an acknowledged crank on such questions, and subject to "atmosphere," found himself getting more than usual pleasure out of his game.

Several of the older men, belonging to Wheeler's set, had put up considerable money on the result. They were almost all backing Henderson, for, although Gray was really a fine player, there was hardly a man whom he knew who did not secretly believe that he could beat him, although the well-filled boxes of balls in Gray's locker proved eloquently, if silently, the contrary.

Colonel Wheeler was dissatisfied with the tone of the players. He considered them too polite by half. In his own matches he invariably "jollied" his partner into losing his temper. That, he considered, was half the battle. Having backed Henderson, and gotten his friends to back him, he thought he owned him, and felt privileged to criticise him as he saw fit.

At last he went up to him, and drew him aside.

"You don't claim your rights ; you're foolish," he said. "Gray, over there on the fifth hole, picked up something from behind his ball. You should have claimed the hole."

"The twig was loose, sir," said Henderson, "and Mr. Gray removed it with my permission."

Colonel Wheeler thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and savagely chewed the end of his cigar.

Toward the close of the match Gray's play became a little wild, and at the fifteenth hole Henderson was dormie two. The sixteenth was the sportiest on the course. The carry was about one hundred yards across a deep ravine through which a little brook brawled noisily. The opposite bank was slightly higher than the tee, and very steep. Gray drove, and, failing to get sufficient loft, he struck the opposite bank. As luck would have it, the ball caught on a little bump of earth, instead of rolling hopelessly to the bottom.

"What luck," exclaimed Rollins, "such things never happen to me."

Henderson drove, and got a good hundred and eighty yards on the carry, with a perfect lie. Colonel Wheeler looked jubilant, and talked loudly as they crossed the bridge. Gray took out his mashie, and started to walk cautiously down the steep incline. His ball was hanging by a hair, and the least jar might dislodge it. In attempting to get some sort of a firm stance, he completely lost his balance, and instinctively put out his club to save himself from a bad fall. The ball, for some unknown reason, still held where it had fallen.

Colonel Wheeler rushed forward excitedly.

"You're surely not going to be idiotic enough to let that pass, Henderson," he cried, "Gray soled his club in that hazard ; we all saw it and he couldn't deny it if he tried. The hole is yours, if you'll have sense enough to claim it."

Henderson turned slowly and faced Wheeler. His gray eyes flashed fire, and his lips were set.

"Colonel Wheeler," he said, with dangerous quietness, "you'll oblige me by allowing me to play my own game; your interference is intolerable, sir, and I refuse to allow it any longer."

"But I'm backing you heavily, man, and so are some of my friends; you know this, and —"

"That is your affair, not mine," said Henderson. "You don't suppose for an instant your backing could influence me one way or the other. By heaven, sir!" he cried, suddenly losing his self control, "if I thought any man implied any such dishonourable thing, I'd strike him dead! Yes, sir, I'd strike him dead!"

"But, Henderson—" began Colonel Wheeler, feebly.

Henderson reached him with one stride.

"You heard what I said," he repeated, passionately. "If any man implied that to me, I'd strike him dead. *I'd strike him dead!*" Then he turned to Gray and asked him to play on.

Gray won two holes straight, and they

walked to the tee of the first hole to play off the tie.

"Well, for a real common, every-day fool, commend me to Henderson," said the colonel, defiantly, although still a trifle white.

"For an exhibition of true sportsmanship, commend me to the same," said Rollins, as he went over to congratulate Gray on the match.

THE LADY AND THE COW

IX

THE LADY AND THE COW.

"WE really shouldn't sacrifice Uncle Nat again this year," said Mary, looking at her sister with earnest conviction. "He is such an angel, and he has seen nothing but a colourless strip of beach and bath-houses for three years. I think his turn has come."

Frances threw back her head with a little impatient gesture.

"It is the survival of the fittest," she said, decidedly. "Artistic people will forget you, if you will allow yourself to be forgotten. The new picture on the wall is not substantial enough for me. I'd rather play with fire, or any other exciting element."

"Yes," assented Mary, "that is an absorbing occupation, but honestly, we

have been too selfish ; it is time to turn over a new leaf."

Frances threw up her hands in despair.

"When you become virtuous, that ends it. To Gloucester we'll go, willy-nilly. Oh, you'll be all right," she added, "those tender, near-sighted eyes would stir the heart of an inanimate protoplasm, but for me—the only thing left will be to put on a red coat and spread myself abroad as 'a bit of colour.' Disguised as such, I may catch the eye of some wandering artist, perhaps even hold it for a moment, that is, if he has a Vandyke beard and a sombrero. With me, it must always be all or nothing."

"It is strange," murmured her sister, with a far-away look, "how fine a line there can sometimes be between all or nothing."

"Now you are beyond me," said Frances, as she left the room.

Uncle Nat received the news of the decision to spend the summer in Gloucester with gentle placidity. He would believe in Gloucester,—in its sunsets, its

blue waters, its heavenly moors,—when he arrived there. Experience had taught him that the guardian of two attractive nieces must not allow his tastes or disposition to become set. To plan was one thing, to execute another.

When they all rattled through Gloucester's quaint streets in a tumbled-down old victoria like an ark, Uncle Nat was still with them in the flesh, but his soul was in an earthly paradise.

"How deliciously salty it is!" he said, as they turned out toward Eastern Point.

"How deliciously fishy, you mean," said Frances, with an agonised sniff.

For the first few days the girls did nothing but rave over the beauty of the place. Then the Inn, with its quaint china and great open fireplaces, the measureless stretch of ocean and moor—the afterglow—all palled.

"I don't think I've ever been part of such an absolute hen-party before," said Mary, as she glanced along the piazza one day after tea.

"I don't mind the hen-party so much,

if only I could get a little golf," answered Frances, hopelessly. "Women in big doses like this are usually harmless. It is only when you get the leaven of a few attractive men mixed in, that the dregs come to the surface."

"This is a maddening place," said Mary, following out her own train of thought. "Look at those rocks! What opportunities! Just think of the sailing and the moonlight and the stars, with only one's sister to whom one can communicate the 'thrill of things,' — it's cruel."

Gradually through the golden haze of Uncle Nat's earthly paradise there crept the dim consciousness that some one was unhappy. He knew it was not himself, so he began to search vaguely for the serpent in his Eden.

"What are you going to do to-day, girls?" he asked one morning, as he stood, sketch-block in hand, ready to get the benefit of a perfect gray day.

"Oh, ever so many things," said Mary, stifling a yawn. "Have you anything you would like mended?"

Uncle Nat looked troubled.

"No, my dear, no," he answered, hastily; then he glanced at Frances, who was sitting in a dejected heap on the piazza steps. "Don't wait dinner for me," he added, as he moved away. "I've had a little something put up. I'm afraid the girls are dull, very dull," he thought, abstractedly. Then a sky effect caught his eye, and, jumping on his wheel, he hurried down the road to his "subject."

He painted steadily, absorbed and forgetful, for two or three hours. Things were "making" better than he had anticipated, and he began to see that his sketch would be a little gem. Looking up from his work for a moment, to find his water-bottle, he saw a man wheel by with a bag of golf clubs on his back. He watched him ride out of sight through his great round glasses, feeling that he was intimately connected with some important subject, but unable to get down from the clouds all in a moment. Suddenly, when it was too late, he realised that he should have stopped the man and inquired for

the golf links. Frances would be so disappointed, he thought, reproachfully ; then glancing up, he saw just the light he had been longing for on the middle distance, and the incident passed completely out of his mind.

One afternoon a few days later, as he was packing up his traps to return to the Inn, he saw the same man go by with his caddy-bag over his shoulder. He hailed him loudly, then, apologising for his abruptness, inquired about the links.

"They're some little distance from here," said the wheelman, doubtfully, looking at Uncle Nat's cheerful rotundity. "But, do you play ?"

"No ; I have a niece who is very enthusiastic. I'm afraid she finds Gloucester somewhat dull."

The man thought for a moment. "If you care to walk up the road with me a little way, I'll introduce you to Mr. Morris, the president," said the golfer. "My name is Wright, and I'm staying with him. His cottage is just around the corner."

An hour later Uncle Nat appeared on the Inn piazza, and put a little slip of paper into Frances's hand. It was the receipt for the season's dues for the Gloucester Golf Club. He related the incident to the girls, to a running accompaniment of delighted exclamations from Frances.

"Mr. Wright is a very charming man, my dears, a very charming man, and so is Mr. Morris. Mr. Morris is an artist and plays golf for relaxation. He has over-worked himself, it appears. He is with his mother and —"

"Is he young?" asked Mary, with a dawning interest.

"Quite young."

"And Mr. Wright?"

"Mr. Wright is also young, and a great golfer."

"Not Lawrence Wright, the Longmere champion?" exclaimed Frances, excitedly.

"Well, he certainly said something about Longmere."

"Oh, joy, now we shall begin to live!" she cried, enthusiastically.

The next day, with Uncle Nat as chaperon, Frances and Mary started out for the links. They were walking, as Mary did not ride a bicycle, did not do anything in fact but look pretty and dance exquisitely in slippers that her best friends said were at least two sizes too small for her.

"You won't mind just for one afternoon, dear," said Frances to Uncle Nat; "it's too bright to paint to-day,—you said so yourself this morning,—and after this we won't have to bother you ever again."

Morris and Wright overtook them about half-way from the links. Morris had the Vandyke beard that Frances considered necessary to an artist, but she had no thought for any one but the Longmere champion. Morris was evidently quite struck with Mary's appearance, and stood looking at her with half-closed eyes, as though she were a piece of marble. Frances and Mr. Wright walked on ahead, deep in the discussion of the art of long driving.

"Here we are," said Wright, suddenly letting down two bars of an old gate.

"Where?"

"Here!" he replied, his eyes dancing with amusement.

Frances looked around, blankly. To her unaccustomed gaze there seemed at first to be nothing but rocks and dense thickets of fragrant bay. Every here and there a great boulder rose high in the air, and sheltered at its base grew little stunted pines.

"Do you mean—" began Frances, and then stopped short.

"This is the Gloucester Golf Club," said Wright, with a profound bow, "and its president and secretary welcome the new member."

Frances drew a long breath.

"You'll have to show me how to play here," she said, rather hopelessly. "I have never been on any course quite—like it."

"The way to do on such rough links is to confine yourself almost entirely to your irons," said Wright. "A brassey is worse

than useless, because you have to play it in such a peculiar way that you get into bad habits. If I were you, I'd take my brassey out of my bag, to be quite free from temptation, and use my cleek for all long shots through the green."

"I never could play an iron," said Frances, still depressed.

"This is a splendid opportunity to learn; a girl won't work at her irons until she must,—the brassey is too tempting. If you do as I suggest, and really conquer them this summer, you will find your game wonderfully strengthened."

By this time they had reached the tee of the first hole, called the twins. Two great boulders about a foot apart guarded the green, and smaller ones were dotted all along the line of the hole in generous profusion. Morris started off with his friend Burgeman, who had been patiently waiting for him.

"What are you going to do, Mary?" asked Frances, as she prepared to start off.

"I'm going to sit on this lovely rock

with Uncle Nat for a little while," answered Mary, arranging herself picturesquely as she spoke. "Don't be too long with your tiresome golf."

Uncle Nat sat down beside her, and gazed about him, drinking in the air and sunshine. After a few moments he thought he saw something which gave promise of a pretty "bit," and sauntered off to explore. Mary sat quiet and somewhat disconsolate under her red sunshade, which made the atmosphere about her a veritable *couleur de rose*, but the fresh, crisp breeze, the pungent odour of bay, the droning voices of a thousand insects, all combined to make her lean back in lazy, physical contentment, while her mind wandered inconsequently over a thousand trifles.

Meanwhile Frances had driven and failed to clear the twins. Her ball, going off sharply to the right, found a fairly good lie on the mossy ground.

"What shall I do now?" she asked, feeling utterly helpless without her brassey.

"Take your cleek, of course, since you want distance," said Wright.

"But I always miss with a cleek."

"Oh, come, be a sport and try it! You miss because you don't take your stroke properly. Put your left foot quite a little ahead of your ball, turn the blade of your club a trifle over toward the left, then when you start to take your stroke, follow back along the ground just as far as you can. When your arms can't go out any further go on up to the top of your swing and come down hard. You'll be surprised to see the distance you'll gain."

"It sounds complicated, but I'll try it," said Frances.

She followed out all directions perfectly, but played quite over the ball.

"That is what I always do," she said, disgustedly. "Oh, how I do *hate* an iron!"

"It was my fault," said Wright, "because I forgot to tell you that you must always try to take a bit of the ground with you. Not so much with a cleek as with a mashie, but still it's a good idea to keep

the ground in mind. Do you know, I venture to prophesy that you'll be desperately in love with a cleek before many days are over."

They played on for a number of holes, Frances having rather poor success with her irons. She felt afraid to move, as there seemed to be nothing but stones and brambles everywhere.

"I wonder what makes you founder your ball so badly?" said Wright, with a puzzled frown. "Swing again, and let me try to see."

He studied her carefully for a moment, then his brow cleared.

"You don't hold firmly enough with your left hand," he announced. "Try a tight grip, and keep your left arm stiff. That's the way," as a ball went soaring off toward the green.

Meanwhile, Uncle Nat had completely disappeared, and Mary, quite alone, was gazing dreamily into space. She was at last aroused by the persistent rustling in the bushes near her boulder. Glancing carelessly around, she saw a sight which

turned her blood to ice. Very near her a cow and a young calf were browsing placidly, but filing slowly through a break in the fence directly back of her came the rest of the herd. Mary jumped to her feet, and looked about wildly.

"Give me mice, snakes, tree-toads, or even woozy things, but never cows," she had often been heard to exclaim.

The herd, catching sight of her, stood still in wonder, and gazed solemnly at the tall figure on top of the rock.

"Oh, why don't they look the other way," she cried, wringing her hands.

The action caused the red sunshade to wobble menacingly. Several of the cows came nearer to further investigate. Then a young steer bellowed a low warning and switched his tail slowly to and fro. Mary gave a piercing shriek and waved her sunshade frantically in the direction of Frances, whose white skirt gleamed like a sail on the water. The breeze, coming from the ocean, carried the sound in the opposite direction, and Frances played on stonily. Mary continued to wave and

shriek, while the steer, suddenly enraged by the movement and sound, bellowed loudly, and started toward the boulder. With one last frantic wave, Mary literally threw herself down the side of the sharp incline, and, throwing the sunshade in the steer's face, raced madly down the course. The steer, thoroughly enraged, put its head down and galloped after.

When Mr. Morris and his friend turned away from the third green they saw a flying figure coming toward them, with imploring hands outstretched. Morris sprang forward, while Mary, utterly exhausted, staggered and would have fallen at his feet had he not caught her just in time. He drew her quickly aside while the steer charged on down the course. Mr. Burgeman started on a dead run for Frances, while Morris, left alone with the unconscious Mary, began fumbling with trembling hands at her collar button.

"Poor little thing!" he murmured. "Heavens! how pretty she is!" Giving up the collar button in despair, he began slapping her hands violently, swearing in-

wardly at Uncle Nat for his desertion. Then Frances hurried up and in a few moments brought Mary to with deft touches.

"You silly little goose," she said, with a half tender, half disdainful air, "you should have been born a hundred years ago."

The following autumn, when Frances spoke of her sister's engagement, she always did it with an air of gentle depreciation.

"Oh, yes, it was Gloucester—and a cow!" she would say; "but then neither he nor she belongs to our day and generation. Mary puts up preserves, does tapestry work and faints most becomingly at the proper moment, while Mr. Morris is the kind of man who is never so happy as when he is protecting some one, so perhaps, after all, they will do the least harm to a progressive world by marrying each other. So far as I am personally concerned," she added, "the only kind of a match that appeals to me is a golf match."

THE
CONVERSION OF ST. OURS

X

THE CONVERSION OF ST. OURS

ST. OURS was excited. It is one of the most quiet, most temperate, most well-conducted of villages, but it was excited, and with good reason. The approaching railroad had long threatened it, foot by foot, mile by mile; now a stage ride of a few hours was all that separated it from the wicked world. The *Herald* of the morning — of that morning — had announced the approach of a golf club. It stated that “negotiations for some time in progress had at length been concluded between the Cleek Club and certain parties of St. Ours, for the site of a house and grounds suitable for links.” No comments accompanied the announcement,

although every one turned the leaf expecting to read a scathing editorial. It had long been rumoured that the Cleek Golf Club had designs upon St. Ours, but it was confidently believed that the patriotism of the villagers would resist all temptations and virtuously refuse to sell their land for so profane a purpose. Think of it, golf on a Sunday, the women in golf costumes, St. Ours surrendered to clubs, cleeks, mashies, brasseys, and the like, the Sunday school children impressed as caddies ! Impossible !

St. Ours has no small vices. The traditions of English reformers, and a long line of Puritan ancestry, restrain and regulate it. It permits no desecration of the Sabbath, no irreverence. Its selectmen, in short, all its seniors, were grave and reverend men.

Mr. Silverpen, secretary of the Golf Club, did not have an easy task in negotiating with those gentlemen for the purchase of the St. Ours links. It was Mr. Monies, the banker, who sold the land, but all the selectmen were present at the

preliminary conferences. It was not, as some might ungenerously suppose, that they were afraid the banker might be tempted to make some concessions unworthy of the village, it was the banker who was unwilling even to discuss the terms of such a sale without the advice of his friends.

"There must be no Sunday playing, Mr. Silverpen, that must be distinctly understood," said Mr. Monies.

"I have gone over that matter with my friends. I will not conceal from you that some of our people made serious objections to that clause. You see, Mr. Monies, we are city men who work at high pressure all the week. Some of us can get away on Friday afternoon, perhaps, others not until Saturday. Of course, if we cannot play on Sunday it is a serious deprivation. But I have placed your scruples before them plainly and forcibly. They respect them, and they will waive that point if you insist upon it. We think St. Ours a model village in every respect, gentlemen, and we are willing to make sacri-

fices for the purpose of being identified with it."

"You are willing to accept that condition and have it incorporated in the deed?" inquired Mr. Monies, somewhat taken aback.

"We are."

"Then, gentlemen, I believe that removes all objections," said Mr. Monies, beaming round upon his friends.

And thus the momentous deed was signed.

The opening of the Cleek Golf Club was a memorable event at St. Ours. The members, their friends, and their friends' friends took possession of the village. Mrs. Carhart, wife of the pharmacist, rented every room in her house for a month on her own terms. Mr. Denim, the dry goods merchant, rented his cottage for the summer, while Mr. Plane, the carpenter, retired with his family to his barn. The butcher, the baker, the blacksmith, and all the rest followed suit. The sound of hammer, plane, and saw made merry music all day long.

On Saturday morning, Mr. Monies was busy receiving deposits, and opening accounts with his visitors. St. Ours had never experienced anything to compare with it.

On Sunday the churches were all filled to overflowing. When the deacons passed the plates for contributions, St. Ours experienced another sensation. The bills dropped, fluttering into them like falling leaves in autumn. Among the villagers, ten cents, or less, was considered not an unworthy contribution, twenty-five cents was generous, and fifty, verging upon extravagance.

Mr. Silverpen, the secretary of the Cleeks, was a very clever, tactful man, as may be gathered from his success with the preceding negotiations, but there was one man in the village, the old miller, who resisted alike his temptations, his logic, and his blandishments, for the links purchased of the village banker proved to be utterly inadequate. An extension was required, and the miller owned all the land adjoining. In this dilemma, Mrs. Remington and Miss

Duval were appointed as a committee to see him, and soften his hard heart. It was no slight undertaking. His reputation for obstinacy and hard-headedness extended to regions remote from St. Ours. He had been at war with his own village as long as the oldest inhabitant could remember ; at war on any and every subject, on general principles ; but the pet subject of dispute was his mill. The village objected to his running his mill for gain on Sunday. He was willing that it should respect the Sabbath when there was no wind, “but, shut down my mill when there is a fair wind ? Never !” There had been infinite contention on this subject, but the old miller held the mill, and the sails sailed with every fair wind on saints’ days or sinners’ days.

Speaking of sinners, there is a village about seven miles from St. Ours, called St. Sinners. It is a village of notorious intemperance, and there the miller made his purchases in order to slight the restraints and express his indifference to the opinion of St. Ours. It was a bright, progressive

little place, but its manner of respecting Sunday indicated its belief that the Sabbath was indeed made for man, not man for the Sabbath. It regarded St. Ours with withering contempt, and openly rejoiced in the fact that it was not obliged to live up to any Puritan ancestry. It looked upon the summer people who chose St. Ours in preference to itself as one half mad, and the other half imbecile. Nevertheless, it desired, above all things, these same people, wishing to divert the stream of gold which flowed from their pockets into its own empty ones. Its selectmen openly announced that if the Cleek Club would make its home in St. Sinners, instead of St. Ours, they could have Sunday privileges to their hearts' content, and St. Sinners would not only permit them, but would rejoice with them.

All this the miller knew, having travelled much in his youth and being given to visiting St. Sinners for the purpose of keeping well in touch with the times.

All this he kept carefully to himself, being divided between his love for his vil-

lage, the inanimate part of it, and his contempt for the narrowness of his neighbours.

When Mrs. Remington and Miss Duval called upon this intractable citizen, at his cottage, the winds were adverse and the mill was idle. It was Saturday ; the miller was sitting under the shade of his portico, surrounded by his wife, children, and grandchildren, the last with hair as white as his own, and cheeks as ruddy. The house was old, quaint, and moss-grown, the weatherboards bleached to a warm gray, which lighted up delicately in the sunlight, and suggested the soft tints worn by its Puritan owners of bygone days. Nasturtiums, sweet peas, and other old country flowers bloomed everywhere, while climbing roses peeped into the opened windows of many panes.

As the two women opened the gate, they realised that their golf costumes were being subjected to criticism, but as they saw the village maidens spinning by on wheels, their skirts only slightly less abbreviated than their own, they took courage.

"Good morning," they both said, sweetly; whereupon the miller and his flock all rose, and offered them seats. Mrs. Remington believed in first impressions. She studied the old man's face keenly, while she spoke to one or two of the children. She saw, at a glance, that nothing was to be gained by procrastination, so she stated her purpose at once, with frank simplicity.

"You see," she said, as they walked along, "one is never satisfied with what one has in this world. One always wants more; and as your village is so charming, and your air so delicious, we realise that our little nine-hole course will soon be overcrowded. Of course," with a sidelong glance, "we could go to St. Sinners, and get all the ground we want — but —"

"I'm surprised you don't go," he answered. "You would be better appreciated. Your presence enables us to enjoy the first comforts we have ever been able to afford, but we do not thank you — we are too much your debtors for that."

"Perhaps we shall have to go in the end," she agreed, "unless you take pity upon us."

"Why should I?" he asked, stopping suddenly. "I am an old man, and I have all I want,—more than I want. My land is dear to me. It was owned by my father and by my father's fathers. Why should I give it into the hands of strangers? Why should I, even indirectly, put into the pockets of my enemies more money than they have ever had in their lives before,—more than is good for them, that I know? Why should I not let you go to St. Sinners, and thus repay in kind the slights and abuses heaped upon me by a narrow, bigoted community?"

"Because you, yourself, are not as they are," she answered. "Because if you were to do such a thing, you would put yourself upon their level; it would be unworthy of you."

He looked across his broad, undulating fields, and pondered.

"I could never sell it," he said, with a deep breath, turning away, "but—I'll see

what else I can do. Not for these people ;
not for money — ”

“ No, not for any of those things,” said
Mrs. Remington, softly, as she turned
away.

XI

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY

NOBODY knew why McGee had married Miss Muriel Sweetapple. People wondered and spoke of this, his matrimonial plunge, before they mentioned his golf or his good looks.

His golf was so much better than his matrimonial venture, that it seemed strange his domestic affairs should have been touched upon, especially as, outside of sport and his handsome face, McGee had no claims to be considered at all.

He had little money ; his position in the bank could not win for him any special deference ; he was a poor, handsome Briton with obscure prospects, and with only a dead grind before him in a work-a-day world.

But all the English set, and the New

England set, and the Boston set, and the Southern set, and the Home set of the "California Sunnyside Club" gossiped about handsome John McGee and his plain English wife, who had rejoiced before her marriage in the fanciful name of Muriel Sweetapple.

When a match was on, and the tall, athletic Englishman, with his clear-cut features and lithe figure, crossed the green clubs in hand for the start, there was always a little crowd to see the first drive, and to follow him over the links.

One of the followers was usually "The Cat," as he was called, a short, stocky man with a heavy face and a jowl which earned him his sobriquet. He was powerful, ugly, and very rich, and he was proud of all these things.

He was a self-made man, and he was proudest of that.

He was the power behind the throne and on the throne of the Sunnyside Golf Club, and he rejoiced in it.

His money, not his golf, had earned him his throne, and he held it, in spite of his

handicap in not being able to play a stroke.

His nearest rival for official honours was McGee, and because he feared him, "The Cat" affected to despise both the good looks and the golf of the Englishman.

It was the day set apart for a match between the men of "Mira Flores" and "Sunnyside," and Woolsey Wimbleton was very busy. He seemed to buzz like the bees from one thing to another.

"A busy drone," remarked one woman in lilac, who disliked him, to another, as she strolled from the club-house portico to the grounds.

The crowd was gathering on one of the piazzas of the club-house which overlooked the "putting-green" and the first tee.

The match was to decide a tie, and the Sunnyside Club, being in its first season, wanted badly to win.

The pretty women, in their faultless summer toilets, sat in the big cane rockers fanning themselves leisurely, as they watched the workmen put the finishing touches to the lawn.

The low meadows were all creamy with meadow-foam, and farther on were dense red masses of the common sorrel. The sky was the cloudless blue of the California late spring or early summer. Under a group of eucalyptus-trees sat McGee, fanning himself with his straw hat, and calmly surveying the preparations, while here and there and everywhere rushed Woolsey Wimbleton, a small, self-conscious, assertive man, fully confident that Sunnyside Club could not possibly get along without his executive ability.

"I don't see how Woolsey always gets himself on all the committees," exclaimed pretty Blissa Littlejohn, with a pout, as she shook out the draperies of her pink dress and waved her white parasol to "The Cat," resplendent in his scarlet coat and gold buttons — "he works some wires I don't know anything about."

"Hush!" answered her married sister, Mrs. Norrie Calhoun, "he will hear you."

"I don't care if he does," answered Blissa, in a perfectly audible tone. "I would like him to hear that, and a great

deal more I have to say. Why, in the last handicap, he showed such partiality to Jennie Hopkins she just *had* to win. Even her husband was surprised."

"Blissa," whispered her sister, with a smile, "why don't you make love to him? and then you would stand a show."

"I couldn't. Woolsey and I have always been enemies, ever since college days. Now, just look at Jennie Hopkins put! It is useless to deny her drives and brassseys are fine, but she can't approach at all, and never takes fewer than three on the green. She won't believe what any baby knows, that a put is a follow through just like every other stroke in golf."

"What's the matter, Miss Littlejohn?" inquired a tall, attractive-looking man, dragging a chair to a shady spot on the piazza beside her. "Are you at war with the world? See what I picked for you on the way over from the village," and he handed her some daisies which the Californians call "sunshine."

"How glorious they are!" she said, shaking out their golden tips. "I love to

walk over their shining carpet, it makes me imagine all sorts of happy things."

"You know," said the doctor, smiling, for he was a Californian by birth, "how, in the long ago of Spanish California, the señoritas used to tell their fortunes by this very 'sunshine,' just as you Eastern girls tell the Marguerites,—

"'Si me quieres, no me quieres,
Love me, love me not.'

"Tell my fortune," and he slowly commenced to strip the leaves from a daisy.

Blissa's face flushed. "It is not for me to tell it," she replied, gently, "I hear that you are going away,—that you start for the East next week. Is it true?"

"Well," said the doctor, seeing she did not wish to pursue the subject, "my plans are not wholly decided as yet."

"How the crowd is gathering!" exclaimed Blissa. "There,—yes, there *is* Mrs. McGee and her two elder children. Poor woman, how did she ever have the courage to come?"

"Why poor?" queried the doctor.

"Is it possible you haven't heard the latest about her?" interrupted Mrs. Van Pelt, drawing her chair up to join them.

Mrs. Van Pelt was a young, round-faced, smooth-skinned woman in gray.

"It is a good story; the McGees put Woolsey Wimbleton up last night, because the club was full, and all the poor fellow and McGee got for breakfast this morning was an orange and half a biscuit. For some obscure reason the marketman disappointed."

Here Madden and Jennie Hopkins, who had come up, joined in the loud laughter.

"It is quite true," continued Mrs. Van Pelt, lazily, her eyes gleaming a long line of blue under her drooping white lids. "Mrs. McGee sat at the breakfast-table and talked 'Art,' while McGee and Woolsey Wimbleton starved."

"It is a millstone around a man's neck to have a wife like that," exclaimed Mrs. Hopkins, critically examining the shaft of her cleek. "McGee used to be well groomed before he married, just as neat

and faultless in his appearance as could be. Now, even his business *confrères* poke fun at his shabby appearance. It is only his good golf which gives him any place at all."

At this juncture two ominous lines appeared between Bliss Littlejohn's brows, and the doctor looked black.

"The other morning," resumed Mrs. Van Pelt, with an amiable smile, "he was so late at the office that the fellows guyed him when he appeared. His apology was that the baby had burned her foot at the breakfast table by putting it into the porridge-dish."

A prolonged shout of laughter greeted this story.

"The very latest," continued Woolsey Wimbleton, who had sauntered up to join them, "and authenticated."

"For shame!" ejaculated Bliss, "the poor woman is maligned."

"This isn't golf," said the doctor, rising with a sigh, "I must go and look up my clubs," and somehow Mrs. Van Pelt felt at that moment that her story had not

had the unqualified success she had expected for it.

The match got well under way and all the women joined the gallery. They followed every stroke breathlessly, especially Mrs. Hopkins, who was the bright particular star of the Sunnyside feminine contingent.

She was to be played first in the great match against the women's team from "Mariposa," an honour for which she had schemed and manœuvred for many weeks. None of the steady players were quite so good as she, and there were even one or two women who acknowledged that her golf deserved to win, but what small popularity she might have possessed she lost by her conceit and her bragging.

"One can tolerate good golf in another woman sometimes, but never *postmortems*," said Mrs. Van Pelt, languidly.

Woolsey Wimbleton had just driven from the fifth tee, and had the joy of seeing his opponent bunkered, when a footman approached Mrs. Hopkins, and asked to speak to her.

"Impossible!" she said, aloud, after he had delivered his message. "It can't be so serious as all that."

"But it is, madam," protested the man, looking worn and anxious. "Miss Ethel has not been well for some days." He was covered from head to foot with fine white dust, and had evidently been riding madly.

Mrs. Hopkins stood irresolute for a moment. "I will come," she said, at length. "Could you imagine anything more maddening?" turning to Mrs. Van Pelt. "Miss Baldwin, the governess, tells me that Ethel is seriously ill, and begs me to return immediately. Isn't she inconsiderate, when she *knew* that I had counted on seeing this match. Go and find Doctor Rossiter, James, and tell him I need him at once. He is ahead of the first couple somewhere on the fifteenth tee."

"Scarlet fever!" exclaimed Mrs. Hopkins, when the doctor had made his diagnosis. "It is impossible, it cannot be; why, I never let her play with other children,

and the governess and the maids never visit in poor persons' houses."

"My dear Mrs. Hopkins," said the doctor, gravely, "scarlet fever is no respecter of persons; unfortunately, I am not mistaken in my diagnosis, but I would be most happy to have you call in any of my *confrères*."

"Oh, I don't mean to offend," returned Mrs. Hopkins, hastily, "but I can't help feeling how unnecessary it all is!—that horrid placard on the door; why, I shall be shut up for weeks—all summer. They'll treat *me* as if I had the plague, and that *match*! Is it too late for me to go off somewhere, and leave the child with a competent nurse?"

"Impossible," replied the doctor, shortly.

"Well, then, I suppose I shall have to bear it," and she threw herself angrily down on the sofa. "Your room is all ready for you, in case of need, and Mr. Hopkins's valet will get whatever you may require." Then she rose and walked deliberately away.

The doctor stood still a few moments,

troubled and silent, the care lines deepening on his face.

"There is only one woman among all the women I know who is a known quantity—and is she?" he added, as he picked up his hat and walked out into the sunshine.

There was little hope of the Sunnyside Club winning the team match, with Mrs. Hopkins counted out. Very unwillingly they had come to this conclusion, but there was no woman who was really strong enough to take her place. Practise as Blissa Littlejohn might, she knew the chances of her winning were very faint. Her game was pretty to look at, but it lacked distance, and distance in the end does count. Then, she was *distracte*, and almost unhappy, and decidedly nervous.

"You will have to give up tea, Blissa," exclaimed Mrs. Norrie Calhoun, as the tears came into her sister's eyes.

"And why should I give up tea?"

"Well, you just must; any girl who is always having tears come into her eyes on every occasion and any occasion is in a

wrought up condition, and *must* give up tea."

"Well, it isn't tea!"

"Then it's golf."

"No, it isn't golf, although I can't play even a little bit."

"Then it's those two men, Bliss."

They were sitting in the garden, and the table had been placed under a pear-tree. The small green fruit shone glossy under the leaves, and some of the branches almost touched the ground; others were trained up against a high brown fence, forming a screen from the too intrusive wind. It was Bliss's favourite corner, and she had chosen it the first day they had taken Villa Flora. How sweet it all was! The old-fashioned, square garden beds, laid out after the stiff, conventional fashion of Versailles, the thick violet borders, the tall, flaunting candytuft, the red Burgundy rose, crimsoning the ground with its fallen petals, and strangely murmuring through the tree-tops the sighing wind, as though chanting the dirge of the passing day.

"I am the only discordant note in this

beautiful scene," said Blissa, aloud. "I am glad there are no 'X-Rays' invented which can look into my heart."

"Blissa," said her sister, meditatively, "why don't you marry the doctor?"

Blissa was silent.

"For a very good reason," she said at length; "he hasn't asked me."

"Then you won't let him."

"Yes, I will; I have given him loads of opportunities."

"Will you refuse him if he does ask you?"

"Perhaps."

"Blissa, you are in love with him."

"I have given you no reason to believe so," exclaimed the girl, tartly. "He is only one among many."

"*The* one of many."

Blissa lifted up her tea-cup and poured off the few remaining drops. "Shall I tell your fortune?" she asked. "I am always telling fortunes in California, either with daisies or tea-cups, both equally foolish and depressing."

"No, let me tell yours," replied her sis-

ter, gathering up the folds of her white dress, and moving nearer the table. Then she lifted the Dresden tea-cup, and scanned the moistened tea-leaves silently.

"Tears!" scoffed Bliss, "I could tell that myself; they are all over the cup."

"They are tears of your own making."

"Isn't there anything else besides tears?"

"Yes; money."

"That's good; I could not get on without money. What else?"

"A big house—"

"On a hill," continued the girl. "It must be on a hill." Then she burst into tears. "I couldn't bear to be poor," she sobbed. "*I couldn't.*"

"You wouldn't be so *very* poor," Mrs. Calhoun suggested; "he has a good practice."

"I couldn't have any more French gowns," replied the girl, "and I do so love French gowns."

"But some husbands love their wives best in simple muslins," persisted Mrs. Norrie Calhoun, from a sense of duty.

"Yours doesn't," retorted Bliss, drying her eyes, and regarding scornfully her sister's befrilled and beruffled creation.

"His French education!" sighed Mrs. Calhoun, but it was not an unhappy sigh.

"It's all very well for you to argue in this way for love in a cottage and all that, when you have money to burn, but to *live* in a cottage, and make one's own dresses! To cut one's own golf skirt! To know that it sagged at the sides, and hooped up in the middle of the back! I simply couldn't bear it."

"How is little Ethel Hopkins I wonder?" said her sister, changing the theme. "I'm afraid she is very ill. No one has had more than a glimpse of the doctor for days. He is simply wrapped up in that child."

"I hope it will end well," murmured Bliss, thoughtfully.

Meanwhile Ethel's fever grew apace, and Mrs. Hopkins was kept a close prisoner. She sat at her window, and through her field-glasses watched the golfers drive by in their scarlet coats. The air trem-

bled with the heat of June, the little brook which wound in and out of the cañon was almost dry. The wealth of wayside flowers lay choked in dust. She grew hungry, not for food, but for the sight of a congenial face. She used to sob and cry for hours over what she called the "desertion" of her friends. "They might have come to see *me*," she cried, "*I haven't* anything."

One day a figure slowly climbed the dusty road to the house. It was a lady, proclaimed by a certain dignity of bearing in spite of the old-fashioned clothes. Mrs. Hopkins steadied her field-glass.

"Mrs. McGee!" she exclaimed, in surprise, "what can possibly bring her here? Thomas, tell Mrs. McGee I will see her at once." She almost ran into the drawing-room.

"This is very kind of you," she cried, "very kind. But aren't you afraid? I haven't been near Ethel, but still —"

"No, I'm not afraid," replied Mrs. McGee. "I nursed my three children through scarlet fever, and —"

"Not *yourself*! You mean your nurses?"

"No ; I did," returned her visitor, quietly.
"We were too poor to have nurses."

Mrs. Hopkins looked at the woman before her in a new light. The former was a time-server ; ungenerous, self-centred ; but under the thick dross of worldliness was the spark of something finer which could rise to admiration of true nobility. "You can't help me," she said, aloud, as Mrs. McGee offered her assistance. "It would only sacrifice you uselessly, and I have plenty of people. I must just endure it as best I can. If it were not for that match I would not mind, but to have worked at my golf so long, and to have all my plans upset in this wretched way, is really too provoking. And then, the reputation of the team, — who is there to take my place ? "

Mrs. McGee hesitated. A delicate colour rose in her cheeks, and she looked down at the floor. "Let me take your place. I play golf — "

"You ! you !"

Mrs. Hopkins stared at her with wide-open eyes.

"Yes, I," with the shadow of a smile.

Then Mrs. Hopkins, having been startled out of the very bones of civility, apologised to the wife of the man who was the crack of the Sunnyside Golf Club.

"I used to play quite well, when I was a girl," ventured the little woman, and somehow Mrs. Hopkins felt, when she looked into those soft gray eyes, that perhaps Mrs. McGee had not always had skirts that hung badly and a belt that "missed connections" in the back. She thought of the many little fingers tugging at this same ill-hanging skirt, and vaguely wondered if *she* would always have been well groomed if fortune had reversed their fates.

"We have about ten days before the date fixed with 'Mariposa,' have we not?" inquired Mrs. McGee, to break the silence which had become oppressive.

"Yes, just ten."

"I think if I practise every day I might gather myself a little together. I shall not be steady, of course," she added, regretfully, "but still, there seems

to be no one else to step into the breach."

The club fairly seethed with excitement when it became known that Mrs. McGee had applied for the vacant place on the team. Her three qualifying scores made the golf committee open their eyes.

"Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, and ninety-seven," said Woolsey Wimbleton, with a low whistle, "and duly authenticated by one of her bitterest enemies. She is in a class by herself,—there's no doubt about that. What a martyrdom it must have been all these years to sit quietly by tending one baby after another, when she knew she could play like this! By Jove, I couldn't have done it!"

"Why! Woolsey has a heart," said Bliss, turning to Mrs. Van Pelt with exaggerated surprise.

When the "Mariposas" went home with a score of twenty-two to ten against them, Sunnyside was satisfied. Two or three of the men stood around the club-house waiting for their traps.

"I tell you," exclaimed "The Cat,"

"there may be nothing in McGee but golf, but when it comes to his wife, it is different." His heavy face looked heavier than ever, as he gazed absently down at his bristling caddy-bag. "I may have some sort of scheme in the Fall that I can put that handsome dummy on to. He can't make a fizzie of it with *me* to back him," and then he purred with satisfied pride.

The next year "The Cat" prospered even more than of old, and in the success of "the scheme," he found that he reaped almost as much satisfaction from having put that "handsome dummy" on his feet as he did from the more substantial results, but perhaps his greatest satisfaction lay in the changing colours of the ring Blissa wore, and the growth of "the house on the hill."

As for the doctor, he lost interest in golf after little Ethel died, and strangers, catching glimpses of his deep-set eyes and silvered hair, asked who he was, and women called him "interesting."

THE END.

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